Dask
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
JUN 27 1951
PERIODICAL READING ROOM

SUMMER, 1951

The Antioch Review

Our Time of Troubles —Bertram D. Wolfe

SHORT STORIES

David Goldknopf
Nolan Miller
Sue Davidson
Oscar Tarcov

The Skeptical Psychologist —Erling Eng

Workers' Education for What? —Kermit Eby

Other articles and poems by GEORGE McT. KAHIN, CLARE MURRAY FOOSHEE, ALFRED KREYMBORG

A National Quarterly — Published in Yellow Springs, Ohio

75c

what is the background of the ferment in Asia?
see Kahin's article on page 204

If you enjoyed

Vern Sneider's

A Pail of Oysters

in the fall 1950 issue of
The Antioch Review

you will be delighted with his new novel

The Teahouse OF THE August Moon

This is a novel that loses nothing in distinction through being fun to read. It concerns a Captain of the U.S. Military Government on Okinawa who is caught between the literal-minded pressure of a stuffy Colonel and the subtleties of an ancient Oriental culture. It concerns the teahouse built instead of a pentagon-shaped school, the drainage ditch abandoned in favor of a lotus pond, and a dozen other army orders violated for very good reasons. And it concerns everyone who believes in people and is interested in an American novelist who combines literary excellence with real humor.

At all bookstores $3.00

G.P. PUTNAM'S SONS
210 Madison Avenue
New York 16, N.Y.

The Antioch Press is proud to add a third volume of Warren Beck's short stories to its list.

***The Far Whistle and Other Stories* is new this month.**

The earlier volumes—
***The Blue Sash* (1941) and**
***The First Fish* (1947)—**
are still available.

Also this month we are putting Beck's first novel—*Final Score*—back in print.

Warren Beck's fiction, at its best, has a thoughtful sensitiveness to human values, a subtle skill of workmanship, and a mature level of content which are rare qualities in today's writing.

The Far Whistle and Other Stories	**$2.50**
The First Fish and Other Stories	**2.50**
The Blue Sash and Other Stories	**2.00**
Final Score	**2.50**

THE ANTIOCH PRESS
Yellow Springs, Ohio

The ANTIOCH REVIEW

"Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?"
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

EDITORIAL BOARD
PAUL BIXLER
Chairman
HEINZ EULAU
Book Review Editor
W. B. ALEXANDER*
LOUIS FILLER*
GEORGE R. GEIGER
ALBERT W. LIDDLE
HERMAN SCHNURER
ALBERT B. STEWART
EVERETT K. WILSON
FREEMAN CHAMPNEY
Business Manager
*on leave of absence

Indexed in the *International Index to Periodicals*

Published, Yellow Springs, Ohio, in March, June, September, and December by The Antioch Review, Inc., a non-profit organization incorporated under the laws of the State of Ohio. The Antioch Review is not an official publication of Antioch College and the views expressed in its columns are not necessarily those of the College. Subscription: $3.00 the year; Canadian, $3.50; Foreign, $4. Single copies, 75 cents.

Contributions should be sent to The Antioch Review, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Unsolicited manuscripts which are found unavailable for publication will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. The Editors assume no responsibility for the views expressed by contributors.

National Distributor
Eastern News Company
165 E. 35th St., N.Y. 16

Publication Office,
212 Xenia Avenue,
Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Entered as second-class matter, March 22, 1941 at the post office at Yellow Springs, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Contents

Our Time of Troubles 131
BERTRAM D. WOLFE

Two Poems 140
CLARE MURRAY FOOSHEE

The Indian Who Danced in Carnegie Hall ..... *A Story* ... 141
DAVID GOLDKNOPF

The Skeptical Psychologist 153
ERLING ENG

The City of Angels ..... *A Story* ... 161
SUE DAVIDSON

Workers' Education for What? 185
KERMIT EBY

The Only Thing to Do ..... *A Story* ... 193
NOLAN MILLER

Middle-Aged Reactionary ..... *A Poem* ... 202
ALFRED KREYMBORG

The Postwar Revolutions in Southeast Asia 204
GEORGE McT. KAHIN

The Multiple Double ..... *A Story* ... 222
OSCAR TARCOV

Books 237
NOLAN MILLER, IRWIN ABRAMS, PAUL BIXLER

VOLUME XI JUNE, 1951 NUMBER 2

Copyright 1951 by The Antioch Review, Incorporated, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Contributions to The Antioch Review may not be reprinted in whole or in part without the permission of the Editors.

Editors' Shop Talk

What ever became of the old-fashioned hammock? This, if you are old enough to remember, was a contraption slung sometimes between two posts on a porch but more often in the open between two trees to catch the faint stirrings of the summer's breeze. The hammock we knew was made of some sleazy material with a hump at one end on which you were presumed to rest your head; it proved awkward to climb into, and more awkward to get out of, and when you lay down in it your body cracked in the middle, your bottom dragged, and your feet wound up higher than your chin. This was no position in which to do anything but try to sleep or shoo away annoying flies or mosquitos. One of the few advantages of the hammock lay in the fact that at any time it could easily be disconnected, rolled up, and put out of the way.

According to tradition, however, the hammock was the locus of an activity called summer (or sometimes hammock) reading. Not "serious reading" or reading in which you were seriously interested, but light reading—especially Romance. Detective stories might be admitted to the hammock or maybe even a melodramatic biography but rarely fiction of serious worth and never anything in economics, history, or social thought. Romance and adventure ruled. Just why one had to lie down to take this kind of thing it seems, in retrospect, a little difficult to understand. Clearly, it set back the cause of reading during the dog days by several years.

This was too bad. For the idea of summer reading has always been better than the hammock in which it was supposed to take place and the romantic fiction it was presumed to foster. Summer, particularly vacation time, would seem to afford the opportunity to read and absorb and, for limited periods, even study the substantive sort of work which one cannot tackle in other seasons because of distractions, interruptions, daily fatigue and the call of vocational duty. It seems to us, in fact, that the idea of Romantic Summer Reading has become outdated and that perhaps it was outdated even in the day of the limp hammock.

We mention all this because for the first time The Review may seem to have tempered its publication to the time of year. In this issue there are *four* stories instead of the usual two. The contents give our notion of what summer reading may be—an even division between fiction and nonfiction and an emphasis on intelligence as well as interest. No hammock is furnished as premium.

* *

We are happy to report that the Review will continue for at least another year. Following publication of our plight in the last issue, we have received not only limited funds for continuance but a number of gift subscriptions, letters suggesting methods of promotion, and manuscripts. This has spelled out to us a very gratifying encouragement.

Our Time of Troubles

By BERTRAM D. WOLFE

On August 3, 1914, Earl Grey stood looking at the passing night out of his chancellery window. "The lights are going out all over Europe," he said, "never to be rekindled again in our generation." Before he died, he knew that it was for more than his generation.

It was the "grand century of peace and progress" that was going out that night. Historians will count that century not by the round numbers of the calendar but as the hundred stable years between the defeat of Napoleon in 1815 and the end of peace in 1914. Between those two dates there had been wars enough, but they were brief, localized, limited, regarded as disturbances of the normal state. In them the basic political and geographical arrangements of Europe had suffered only minor alteration.

Ending that summer night was the dream that the twentieth century was "too civilized" for general war. With it ended other dreams to which the eighteenth century had given such hopeful and rational form, and which the nineteenth had seemingly made such progress in realizing—dreams of cosmopolitanism and internationalism, of free movement of men, goods and ideas in an ever more open society; dreams of a more limited state with increasing controls from below and curbs upon dictatorial and autocratic power; dreams of the final abolition of serfdom, slavery and all forms of involuntary servitude; of a greater respect for human life and human dignity, of gentler and juster laws, equal for all and binding alike on all; dreams of liberty, equality and brotherhood and of a new humanity, free in spirit and intelligence, free in critical inquiry, master to an ever greater extent of nature, of man's own nature, and his social institutions.

Those who have come to maturity in the period between the First

---

This article is the opening chapter of a work-in-progress to be called *The Uses of Power*, in which Bertram Wolfe continues his study of the Russian Revolution begun in his *Three Who Made a Revolution*. A section, "The Russian Intelligentsia," from the latter work, was published in *The Antioch Review* (Winter, 1945-6).

and the Second World Wars may find it hard to imagine a time in which peace, solid and enduring, seemed the normal state, and war but a temporary interruption. Whereas dynastic quarrels may be settled by the marriage of the son of one House with the daughter of another, and conflicts over a strip of soil may be won or lost by its occupation, or compromised by its partition, the war that began in 1914 was for no lesser stakes than predominance over the earth. And out of that contest sprang issues larger than the war itself. Not into a period of wars alone was Europe stumbling, but into a period of wars and revolutions: a true "Time of Troubles," with global conflict breaking down into lesser struggles and civil strife, and regional and civil strife building up again into global war. New contestants might take the place of the old, the number of contestants might steadily diminish, but the contest would not for that reason abate, but rather grow and take on more virulent form, as the power structure itself became ever more unstable. Increasingly the struggle would assume the limitless scope of ideological conflict. Not thrones and strips of soil now, nor markets and trading privileges, nor the disturbance and re-establishment of the Balance of Power, but Right and Wrong, Truth and Error, Good and Evil, Orthodoxy and Heresy, Past and Future, Faith and System and Way of Life were to contend with each other. When opponents raise such banners, does not compromise become shameful and the uneasy cohabitation of mutually incompatible visions of life seem a mere breathing spell between struggles for one or the other's world-wide realization?

So it had taken centuries until the holy war between Cross and Crescent had petered out in the realization that neither could wholly possess the earth by force of arms. And so for a century Central Europe had watered its soil with blood until Protestant and Catholic had learned that the true faith could not conquer by the sword, but that each would have to tolerate the coexistence of the other until the Day of Judgment. Now once more, under the banner of secular creeds, an age of localized and limited wars is giving way to an age of universal ideological war. Tolerance, transaction, discussion and compromise yield to a new age of force.

The children of the new age grow up in a world altogether different from that of their fathers, a world in which, as Randolph Bourne wrote, "war is the health of the State." Soldiering has ceased to be a specialized

and somewhat misprized profession to become a normal part of every able-bodied male's experience, while life is harnessed to the expectation, or at least the apprehension, that peace may be but a breathing spell between wars. Even the revolutionary strife and bid for empire that exploded out of the French Revolution of 1789 was a limited affair in comparison. At the end of the Napoleonic Wars, all the lands of Europe together had only 3,000,000 men under arms. But the First World War of the twentieth century took a toll in killed and wounded of more than five times the entire number under arms in 1815! The Second World War, having been openly recognized as "total," contented itself with nothing less than the total conscription of all the labor and man (and woman) power of all the nations involved. Its military strategy embraced the total annihilation of all the centers of industry and population of the enemy that could be effectively reached. The "Cold War" that has taken its place in lieu of peace, is a struggle for the mind and heart and the productive power and combat power of every inhabitant of the planet.

* * *

How remote now seems that ancient world of 1913, in which one could go to a ticket office and buy a ticket to anywhere in the world—except Turkey or Russia—without visa or passport! A passport then was the superfluous privilege of the envoy and the wealthy globe-trotter, not a necessity for every humble citizen seeking to cross a frontier and every refugee looking for some spot in the world on which to plant his foot. One's existence could be attested then by mere physical presence, without documents, forms, reports in multiplicate, permits, licenses, state instructions, identity cards, draft cards, ration cards, visas, passports, or other authentications of one's being, one's birth, nationality, status, right to enter, move about, work, trade, purchase, produce, dwell.

True there were more documents needed in 1913 in France than in England or America, more documents in Germany than in France, and more documents in Russia than anywhere else on earth. But even in Russia, the organs of bureaucratic documentation and control had been withering away for more than half a century, into mere vestigial appendages. In 1861, Russia abolished serfdom, in 1907 began to cut the last bonds which tied the peasant to the communal village *mir,* in 1917 proclaimed all the freedoms which men had won in the West, along

with some of which men had merely dreamed. "The freest country on earth," Lenin called his homeland when he returned to it in April, 1917!

But alas for Russia, it was her fate to complete her struggle for "the loosening of the bonds"[1] at the very moment when total war had engulfed the earth, and when, in the more democratic West, democracy itself was being called into question. Before the middle of the century, the European spirit would be cut up by a new parochialism into intransitable briarpatches. As this is written, the bonds of a new fixity have been riveted more firmly on Russia than before. The internal passport was restored in 1932. The always narrow sluices of ingress and egress which were Russia's connections with the outside world have all been plugged; to go abroad, save on the business of the State, is an act of treason for which even the members of one's family can be made penally responsible. Internal movement from city to city, from job to job, from building to street or street to building, is weighed down with an ever heavier chain of internal passport, police registration, *propusk, kommandirovka,* workbook, special order of committee, state or party.

At the other extreme, the United States of America, classic land of free movement and free migration, has begun to surround itself with an ever loftier wall of restrictions, screenings and quotas. Two total wars, the burgeoning state intervention into new fields of economic life, the scale and nature of taxes, the maze of regulations and priorities, the adoption of wartime (1917) and now peacetime conscription, have brought here, too, a slow but increasing accumulation of bueaucratic prescriptions, documents and forms.

If the nineteenth century was the world's great age of free movement of men, the twentieth has so far been distinguished by a new fixity . . . except where millions are being transported for war or occupation, and other millions are in disorderly, hunted flight into stateless misery, or

---

[1]It is significant that the Russian word *krepost* means both "fixity" and "serfdom, bondage, or feudalism." The entire dream of freedom of Russia's nineteenth century reformers and revolutionaries can be summed up in the word *raskreposhchenie,* which may be translated either as "emancipation" or "abolition of feudalism" or by the more comprehensive expressions, "abolition of fixity" or "loosening of the bonds."

are being deported, or handed over with or without the land from State to State, like bundles of faggots or lumps of coal.

* * *

Economically, politically, militarily, and morally, a thousand years seem to have elapsed since 1900. History has ceased to appear to its actors like an ascending road with so many milestones passed and so many detours and difficulties overcome. It seems rather like a troubled and violent current in which men are submerged or easily swept from uncertain footings. No longer is there confident talk of advance, but of return and retreat, collapse and breakdown. For the first time since the millennial expectations of the imminent end of the world, there is a feeling abroad that society, civilization, life itself is in peril. "We modern civilizations have learned," said Valéry sadly, "that we are just as mortal as the others." Superficial journalism credits all this uncertainty and anxiety to the latest technological triumph, the splitting of the atom. But Valéry was writing in 1922 when France was celebrating its hour of victory and its restored supremacy on the continent of Europe. Even earlier, Spengler was exulting gloomily at the prospect of the decline and fall of the West. "Now sets in the final battle between Democracy and Cæsarism. . . . The age of discussion ends . . . [and with it] the age of election as revolution in legitimate form, yields to one in which mankind 'elects' its Destiny again by the primitive methods of bloody violence."

The Reformation with its train of religious wars, the French Revolution with its Napoleonic sequel, were ages of violence and bloodshed, too. But they were periods of confidence, expectation and hope. Now the bloodshed and the violence were to become total, the boasts and self-assertions intermittently deafening, but confidence was nowhere to be found.

* * *

Like France, the England which Earl Grey that August night was leading fearfully into war would emerge victorious from the desperate contest, would fight "the same war twice" and twice emerge victorious, yet never again would she be able to re-establish her centuries-old primacy as the world's workshop, shipper, trader, clearing house, banker and empire. By the middle of the century the realm twice crowned with

victory would be straining to re-establish some remnant of her power on a lower level, and, having just relinquished "the brightest jewel in the imperial crown," not to speak of lesser gems, would be transforming her ancient empire into a federal commonwealth of autonomous peoples. Not Russia but Britain would be implementing the Leninist slogan of the "right of self-determination even to the point of separation." The classes so long trained to rule would find themselves shouldered aside by new plebeian rulers, as the British Isles entrusted their damaged fortunes to new men, a new party, and the prospects of a new social system.

Along with England's dominance would pass Western Europe's role as the power center and cultural center of the earth, ending that continent's five centuries of steady expansion overseas. New power centers would arise: on the margins of Europe—Russia; and outside Europe—America; while Asia's teeming masses stirring in their millennial slumber gave hint that Europe itself might ere the century's close be reduced once more to a lesser peninsula of the greater and more populous continent.

Indeed, power itself, military power, political power, power over the bodies and minds of men, was now to assume new forms, dimensions and meanings. At the dawn of capitalism, the Mercantilist spokesmen had glorified the State as a political instrument to foment industry, serve as its regulator and guardian. As capitalism matured, the liberal nineteenth century spokesmen had turned against the Leviathan State, seeking to reduce its role to that of an umpire who secures fair play according to the rules of the game but does not himself take sides or get in the way of the players. It was a fairly general belief of the nineteenth century that economics held primacy over politics, that history could be written in terms of economic forces, that political conflicts dealt with economic issues disguised in ideological trappings, that wars were at bottom economic conflicts over physical things like markets, profits, raw materials, spheres of investment, that the concentration of economic power enabled its wielder to control the political machine, that a wider distribution of such economic power would promote a redistribution of political power, that man could be usefully analyzed as "economic man." A series of continental thinkers, ranging from Rousseau and the Encyclopedists to Sismondi, Marx and Weber, and a series of Anglo-Saxon theorists running from Harrington and John Stuart Mill to Madison, Veblen and Beard, had given the most varied expression to this general economic

climate of opinion. Even nature was studied in terms of its "economy," Darwin's over-all picture of its grand design having originated out of the work of the economist, Malthus, and reacted in turn upon the socio-economic Darwinism of Herbert Spencer and his school. In this at least, both Liberalism and Socialism were agreed: that political issues and political programs were but contests over economic issues, now naked, now disguised in ideological wraps.

But in the new age new men would arise (already their prophets had foretold their coming through the voices of Nietszche, Dostoevsky, Carlyle, Spengler), who would cherish power above all else. They would seek to combine in their single hands all forms of power: political, economic, ideological, power over the bodies, the actions and the spirits of men. They would set up new cults of power in which the affairs of the State were deemed to be coextensive with all the affairs of man. The earlier effort to influence the State by economic means (control of taxation and expenditure, selection of officials, pressure, bribery) would yield to a new science and art of politics, directly concerned with the seizure, the maintenance of permanent possession, and the manipulation of power, with that power's self-expansion as its self-sufficient purpose.

* * *

Ever since 1789, the word *revolution* has been crowding out the more ancient terms, *riot, rebellion, insurrection* and *mutiny*. The image, borrowed from the swift turn of the wheel of fortune, suggests the suddenness and completeness of the overturn, and the appearance of utterly new kinds of men as rulers.

In the period of the two World Wars, ancient houses which had ruled for centuries would tumble into dust, empires disintegrate, new nations spring suddenly into life, know the bitter and the sweet of nationhood, and as suddenly disappear again. The Hapsburgs, who for six centuries had held the Danubian lands together, would come to their end during the First World War. So would the Romanovs, who had spanned the epoch between Russia's Time of Troubles in the seventeenth century, and Russia's Time of Troubles in the twentieth. In 1910, Nicholas had celebrated the end of the third consecutive century of stable Romanov rule by granting an amnesty to all purely political offenders, so secure did the throne seem only four years before the fateful war in which his

entire House was to perish. The comparative upstart Hohenzollern dynasty would vanish, too—though all these tumblings of thrones, deaths of empires and births and deaths of nations were far from Earl Grey's or Wilhelm's or Franz Josef's or Nicholas's intentions, as they approved the ultimatums that flew from chancellery to chancellery in the closing days of July, 1914.

The self-assurance of time-consecrated "legitimate" governments was now to be replaced by the deep-going uneasiness of new rulers who had come to power by a revolutionary challenge to legitimacy. These new men of power would feel the need to keep the revolution going "in permanence" and expanding increasingly; the need to keep continuously alive the sense of emergency that corresponds to a state-of-emergency system of government; the continuous need to reaffirm their right to rule and respin their justifications ever afresh: by staged plebiscitary confirmation of their popularity; by quasi-religious consecrations of their origins and charismatic leaders; by all the devices which modern technology has made available for the implanting of ideologies and control of thought; by the ruthless and systematic elimination of all rivals, potential successors, challengers, doubters, questioners, even of those who remained silent at the times appointed to curse or to cheer.

Between the upper millstone of total war and the nether of total power would be ground to pieces many of Europe's ancient traditions—among them values anterior to and independent of feudalism and capitalism alike. In the age of the gas chamber and the attempted total extirpation of a people, how restrained seems the nineteenth century anti-Semitism of the Dreyfuss frame-up, how idyllic and remote that age in which not only French but all European and American public opinion could be aroused to secure a new trial for a man who was in no wise distinguished from his fellows save by the fact that his fate had made him a symbol of injustice. In a day of mass purges and forced labor camps inhabited by nameless millions, how remote seems that yesterday when men and women in all the cities of the world from Moscow to San Francisco could stir themselves to seek a fair trial for an obscure Italian fish peddler and an obscure Italian shoemaker.

That night, when Earl Grey looked out of his window at the lights going out in the square below, and all over Europe, not a century alone was ending, but a world. As I write at the mid-point of the new century,

no man can yet say how many of that old world's institutions and values may be salvaged, or what the new world will be like that is destined to take its place.

"Criticism *of* criticism!"

Poems

By CLARE MURRAY FOOSHEE

A Sonnet

Life is a long search for kind, for kin,
Out of the desert of our solitude.
The lonely seeker faint for more than food
Accepts the booth and bread of Bedouin,
Praises the sparse oasis and the thin
Respite it offers as an interlude,
Knowing a country he has never viewed
Is green and good, is haven he must win.
And then among façades and flower faces
Of the green country he can not be still.
Somewhere along the avenue of eyes
There must be those who knew the desert spaces,
Who groped to greenness, gained the final hill,
And greet survivors of that enterprise.

Vanguard

Leaving the fleece-lined platitudes behind
They mush to blinding tundras of the mind.
Their spirit warm with Whys, their axes split
Nugget of truth from hostile infinite.

To edgeless lone siberias of death
They urge their anxious feet, their rationed breath,
To perish or impale a single guess
On the pole of No or Yes.

And though the clumsy fingerings of praise
Uncover the beginning of their ways,
No hound can find, no hunter can explain
Their footprints in that uttermost terrain.

CLARE MURRAY FOOSHEE has published a book of poetry under the title *Sea Pieces*. She lives in New York.

A STORY

The Indian Who Danced in Carnegie Hall

By DAVID GOLDKNOPF

We drove into the Navajo reservation at St. Michels and we drove out five days later near Cameron. When I saw the tourists sitting on the bench outside the restaurant I felt like turning around and driving right back into the reservation. The trouble was, they had no faces. They say Chinese look alike till you get to know them. Well, that's how they looked to me. Or like owls lined up on a chestnut branch. Sometimes you will see character in a face. I didn't see character—all I saw was an opinion. "We're seeing it, so that we can go back and tell 'em that we saw it, but we don't think very much of it"—that's what I saw.

Now let me say right off that I don't have any silly—but first, I suppose I ought to tell you who I am and what I, of all people, was doing in the Navajo reservation. My name is Harold Kramer. I teach Social Studies . . . Economics . . . American History . . . in the New York City school system. My wife, Betty, substitutes in Home Eco. I make a pretty good salary, for a school teacher that is: been at it long enough to reach the maximum. And now that the boy is out of college we have a little spare cash, and our summers of course, and fortunately we both like to travel. (I don't know what we'd do if only one of us liked to travel!) So usually we spend our summers on the road.

Last summer we said, "Let's try something different." Or maybe I said it. Tell you the truth, I had something in mind. I have been interested in American Indians for a great many years. In fact, I would say it was a sort of hobby with me. I read about them. I go to lectures about them. And I really enjoy a Sunday afternoon in the Indian rooms at the Natural History Museum. So I suggested that instead of sticking to Route 66 like the other tourists, why not go into the reservation and see how the . . . Indians . . . really . . . live. As a matter of fact, we usually

---

David Goldknopf is the author of *Hills on the Highway* (Harper) and is now at work on his second novel.

do try to keep off the beaten track, Betty and I, though I hasten to add, not too far off the beaten track! And it's entirely feasible for us because, you see, we're campers. To look at us you'd never associate us with the great outdoors, but we bought this camping equipment, oh many, many years ago, and I must say we've gotten a great deal of use and enjoyment out of it. Why a couple of years ago we went clear across to the Pacific, and back of course, and we stayed in cabins a total of . . . I believe . . . six nights. Quite a trip. And so when I said to Betty, "Why not go *into* the reservation?" Betty said, "Why not?" Oh, Betty's game! Betty will try anything.

All right. Now you know who we are and what Betty and Harold Kramer of Mosholu Parkway, the Bronx, were doing in the middle of the Navajo reservation, and I'd like to go back for just a minute and tell you what it is that I don't have. I don't have any silly prejudices against the white race. I think all prejudice is silly, and it's just as silly to be prejudiced against your own race as against any other. In other words, I'm not an Indian-lover. I suppose James Thurber would say, "Naturally not! An Indian-lover is an Indian who loves another Indian!" But grammar aside, I'm not like those people (very nice people as a matter of fact) we stopped off to see in Albuquerque. In their opinion, everything that's Indian is wonderful. Well that simply isn't so! Those Utes—I think they were Utes—we saw in front of the Safeway in Cortez, they didn't impress me too favorably. Or the Pueblo Indians who sell that junk in the Palacio in Sante Fe—what's wonderful about them? You see, then, I'm not a fanatic on the subject. I'm interested. I'm curious. These people live a different kind of life than ours. I wouldn't say it's better. I certainly wouldn't trade places with them, much as I dislike the big city in many ways. But it's worth our consideration. Very well, my consideration. It's different. I respect it.

But to give you an illustration. (Always the teacher!) Health. When a Navajo gets sick, they say a sing over him, which is a long ceremony—lasts nine days sometimes—with chanting . . . rituals . . . sand paintings and so forth. And the purpose of the sing is to get the sick man in tune with nature again. Because that's what they believe sickness is—being out of tune with nature. Now there's some sense to that. Today we know for a fact that many of our bodily troubles are really mental . . . emotional. And they have known this for a long time. That doesn't mean,

I repeat, that their medicine is better than ours. I'll take penicillin any day. And they do too, the younger ones do; they go to the government hospital at Chinle, to the mission hospital at Ganado. Sometimes they'll go to the hospital *and* have a sing. In other words, they play it both ways. Well, that's not so dumb either.

Now you may say, if they're that smart, why didn't *they* discover penicillin? If you're going to start talking that way, why don't we figure out a way to end wars? Cultures are like people, each has its good points, each has its bad.

* * *

But the human being cannot take that for the final answer. To be human is to be dissatisfied. And every once in a while I find myself thinking: suppose we could learn what the Indian has learned, and suppose we could teach them what we know. Suppose we could give him to start with some of our material advantages, health, sanitation, schools. . . . And suppose he could give us, say, his feeling for nature. Take us into his partnership with nature, so to speak. Is that completely out of the question? I don't see why. We're not that far apart. When we're out camping and we see a beautiful sunset, or we look across the lake in the evening . . . listen to the frogs . . . the crickets . . . we feel—you know how you feel—big and small at the same time. A sort of . . . peaceful excitement. It's deep. And when I go to the Indian rooms at the museum and I see the things they have made from clay and yucca and ochre and soot, plain earth and grass, and how they have shaped and woven these things to make beautiful objects even for menial purposes, I understand what they're after. We go to concerts, we buy nice things for our homes, we look for beauty too.

And meanwhile they are making progress in our ways, in health, agriculture, education. So there we are, working toward each other—and up, at the same time. It's as if we were both climbing opposite sides of the same mountain, getting closer to each other, without even knowing it maybe. And someday we'll meet at the very top, and we'll look down, and we'll say, "Is that where we were? Way down *there?* Ah, you're kidding!"

Some day. Some day.

But what bothers me is this. Today, those people who should be

closest to the top, they are not the closest. You would think, wouldn't you, that the man who stood halfway between us already, that he would *be* both, and could hold out a hand to each. But that is not the case. The person who is halfway between the white man and the Indian—he is not both.

He is neither.

Like that young fellow we met at the Navajo rodeo at Steamboat—the one who danced in Carnegie Hall.

II

There were quite a few Indians around when we got to Steamboat, but the rodeo hadn't started yet so we went into the trading post and got a couple of bottles of pop. That trading post, I should say, *is* Steamboat. A gasoline pump and a water pump, that is Steamboat, though of course, if you need gas or water you're very glad to see it. And across the road, a couple of corrals and a sort of judging stand, so I guess that's where the Navajos usually hold their rodeos.

Well, as we were drinking our pop this young Indian came over.

"I saw your car in front," he says. "New York license. You come from the city?"

"That's right," I tell him. "The big city."

"I've been there," he says.

I look at him. "No kidding!" And sure enough he'd been to New York, and oh yes, he'd seen all the sights, Times Square, Music Hall, Empire State Building, been up to the top. He had really done the town. And so we chatted about New York, how did he like it and so forth, and I asked him how he happened to go to the city, and Tommy—that was his name—explained that he'd been going to the Mission School at St. Michel, and about four years ago one of the Fathers there had gotten a group of young fellows, Navajos and Hopis—Tommy was a Hopi Indian, himself—and had taken them to New York to show the folks what real Indian dancing looked like. And they had given performances all over the city, before various schools and organizations, and once even at Carnegie Hall. And Tommy remembered all the places he'd danced at, and all the people he'd met, and what they had said, and how they behaved.

Tommy remembered—everything.

And as we were talking an older Indian came over and listened and

looked proud, and Tommy introduced us to—his father. Well, we had a very pleasant conversation with them, and then Betty said, "Perhaps you gentlemen would like to have some lunch with us." Well they sort of looked at each other and . . . no . . . no. . . . But Betty said, "Come on! Come on! We've got plenty of grub in the car." So they said all right and we all got into the car and drove back toward this big rock, the "steamboat."

Maybe you've been wondering about that name, Steamboat. Well, this big rock is supposed to look like a steamboat, and I guess it does resemble one in a way. Not like Shiprock, standing out there all alone on the plain, a mountain, tremendous, when you're coming down from Mesa Verde, but a god-size rock formation that made somebody think of a steamboat, probably because that was the nicest thing he could think of, so far from water. And as we drove toward it we saw a couple of piñon that provided a little shade, so we pulled up there and started making lunch.

Well they were very much impressed, particularly Tommy's father, with our equipment—the folding table, the aluminum chairs, the plastic table cloth, the Coleman stove, the *ice* chest with ice in it, even the food. Tommy's father, I remember, picked up the soluble coffee. "See?" he says to Tommy, "the white man thinks of everything and he's got everything." Shows you what a difference a point of view makes. To my mind, a Navajo chief's blanket, vegetable-dyed, or a piece of black-on-black pottery from Il Defenso or a Hopi coiled basket from Second Mesa, these are precious and remarkable things. And that was the way the soluble coffee impressed him. I guess we all take different things for granted.

Well, we put up a pretty good lunch as I recall. We had a tin of roast beef, peas, bread and jam, and we made some mashed potatoes, and took the lettuce and tomatoes from the ice chest and a bottle of French dressing, and canned pears, coffee and cookies. Not bad!

But just as we were getting set to eat I noticed that Tommy—actually I'd noticed this paper bag before but I hadn't thought about it till this minute when out of the paper bag there comes—a bottle.

"Muscatel," Tommy says. "Want a drink?"

Well now, that was something else again. In the first place I don't particularly care for muscatel before lunch. Second, I wasn't sure it was a good idea for me to start drinking with these people who were, after

all, strangers. And finally, it's illegal. No drinking on the reservation, prohibition, that's the law, and they're pretty fussy about it too. So I hemmed and hawed and Betty said, "My husband isn't supposed to drink, it's bad for him." Which was news to me but got me out of this predicament.

Tommy didn't seem to mind. He took a good drink. Then his father said, "Tommy, give your old man some of that muscatel." So Tommy passed the bottle and then Tommy took another drink and that didn't leave very much in the bottle.

Tommy looks at the bottle. "Muscatel," he says. "Bootleg muscatel. That's what I got to drink. Do you know why? Because I'm on the reservation. If I was in Winslow—"

"If you were in Winslow you couldn't get a drink," his father says.

"The hell I can't. I can get a drink in Winslow. I can get a drink in Holbrook. I can get a drink in Gallup. Do I look like an Indian? I can pass anywhere."

"Tommy. Son," his father says, "you're Indian."

Tommy turns to us. "Do you know what I'm going to do this fall? I'm going to the University of Arizona. Do you know what I'm going to study? I'm going to study business administration. I'm not going to stay on the reservation and drink bootleg muscatel."

"That's all right," his father says. "You go to the white college. You get yourself a good education, and I'm going to help you the best I can. But you're Indian."

"I am?" Tommy asks. "Was my mother Indian?"

"No," his father says. "Your mother was white. But you're my son. You're Indian."

"Indian—" Tommy says. He lifts the bottle and finishes it, and he looks at it. "Indian," he says. "Bootleg muscatel!" And all of a sudden he throws the bottle smash against a rock! Well I don't know *what*—

"The boy's been drinking, he's wild, don't pay any attention to him," his father says.

"Tommy—" my wife says.

"He's wild, don't pay any attention to him."

"Tommy," my wife says, "you mustn't eat your heart out over everything. Now bring me the stuff from the stove, and let's have our lunch."

Well things simmered down, and I could see that Tommy was a

little bit ashamed of himself, as those young fellows usually are when they've been out of line. Oh I know how they are—I've got dozens of wild Indians in my classes! And by the time we had our lunch and put the stuff away and got back to the trading post the rodeo was about to begin.

* * *

Well that rodeo was one of the most interesting things we came across on our trip! Of course we've seen rodeos in the Garden, but they're so slick, so commercial. Here the top prizes were ten or fifteen dollars, I forget which, and the entry fees were three, so you can see there was more sport than money in it. And God how they ride! The minute an Indian gets on a horse he throws off three centuries. Of course they've been at it almost since they could walk. Now I saw something! I saw this Navajo wagon pull up, and these kids, a boy and a girl, they couldn't have been more than five years old, unharnessed the horses, and papa Navajo hoisted them up and off they rode one on each horse. To see those little tots ride off on the horses was the cutest thing you ever laid eye on! The kids are very sweet anyhow, dress just like mama and papa, you know. Oh Betty was crazy about them; wasn't there ten minutes before she was holding the babies and chattering to the women.

I looked at her, with this Navajo baby in her arms.

"Betty," I said, "you look like an Indian."

"I look like an Indian?" Betty said. "I *feel* like an Indian!"

Well you should have heard the Navajo women laugh at that!

"I wonder where our friends have gone," Betty said.

I looked around. I didn't see Tommy, but his father was off by himself a little ways, kneeling on one knee, looking at the riders. I went over and knelt alongside him, and for a while we didn't say anything. Then he began to talk. About Tommy. I could see that he wasn't happy about the way the boy had behaved.

"He's young," he said. "He's wild."

"All the young gellows are like that these days," I said. "I know. We've got a boy not much older."

He shook his head. "He doesn't know which way to turn. He doesn't know which road to take. You heard what he said. He's half-you, half-me. His mother was white—"

And then he told me the story.

He'd been in the army in the first World War, gone to France, married a French girl, brought her back. But not to the reservation. They lived in Gallup for a while, had a little girl. The girl died. After a number of years Tommy was born. Then his mother contracted tuberculosis, quite common among the Indians. Tommy's father took her to the doctor, the hospital—no use. She got worse and worse. Finally he took her back to the reservation, and that's where she died.

Tommy's father drew a circle in the sand with his finger and wiped it away with his hand, as if to say—finished.

The next time he married it was to a Hopi woman, one of his own. But they didn't get along, he told me. Arguments all the time. About Indian things, and relatives, and ceremonials, and so forth. He shook his head. "I don't like to fight." So when they had an argument he'd take the boy and go away for a while. They had a hut out there, where they kept the sheep, and there was water, and they'd bring food, or slaughter a sheep, and that's where he and Tommy would live. All by themselves, out there in the wilderness.

It's a hard thing to explain how I felt. I have taught with some people for twenty years and not known a thing about them, really. And here was this man, this stranger, telling me these *deep, confidential* things about his life. There we were, a Hopi Indian and Harold Kramer, kneeling in the sand at a place called *Steamboat* in the middle of Arizona, with the Navajos in front of us, riding, hollering, whirling their lariats, like devils, like gods, and the steers bellowing in the corrals and banging against the boards, and the dust in the air like smoke from some tremendous fire, and the horses pounding and the ground shaking under our feet with the hoofbeats! And I said to myself, "Who am I? Am I Harold Kramer? Do I come from New York? Am I a schoolteacher, I who have so much to learn? What do these things mean—name, address, occupation? What sort of application am I filling out here in the middle of Arizona? Absurdities! Like that steamboat. A joke, an act of the imagination! And civilization, this civilization that we are so proud of, what is it? There it is up there! That trading post. A gasoline pump in the wilderness. That's what it is—nothing. And I am a man, and I am nothing. And man is nothing."

And yet—and yet we are everything. Man is nothing, and yet he is

everything. How can that be reconciled? Without us, the earth is like the moon—dead. The moon shines for the earth, but does the earth shine for the moon? No—because there are no human beings there.

And all of a sudden I became very much interested in the man who had first called that big rock a steamboat. There was somebody I would have appreciated knowing! I see him clearly. His eyes were red and his lips were cracked and his skin was burnt. And he took a swig of alkali water and spat in the sand and looked at the rock and—laughed! There she is! The old Missouri steamboat, a-squattin' out there in the desert!

That is man for you. He drinks his bitter drink, and he makes his bitter joke, and he goes his bitter way. But before he goes—he laughs. And without that laugh, what a dead and senseless universe this would be!

I wanted to explain all this to Tommy's father, to explain all the things that were piling up inside my head. I wanted to say, "Nature—yes, nature is important. But the human being, who spits in the sand and laughs at the rock, he is important too. And you and I are important. And that is why we respect each other." And I did start to say something, and then I raised my eyes, and I saw—Tommy.

He swayed back and forth, back and forth, and I thought, "Oh oh, he found another bottle." And he looked down at his father, kneeling in the sand, and his father looked at him. And then they spoke to each other, but what they said I do not know because it was in Indian. All I know was that all of a sudden there was an arroyo between us, a canyon. It was as if a huge flood had come down and swept the earth away between us and left an emptiness so deep that if you dropped things into it they would fall and fall and you would never hear them hit the bottom.

Tommy's father stood up and I stood up and he talked to me across the canyon. "I don't have to live in Gallup with the white people," he said. "And I don't have to live on the mesa with my wife. I can live anywhere. I can live there . . . and there . . . and there. I can hunt, trap, snare rabbits. You can't. You're white. If you were out there—with all your stuff, your tent and your air mattresses and your gasoline stove and your ice box and your table and chairs and meat and coffee and-and-and *cookies*—you couldn't live. Not for a week. You'd die! But I wouldn't die. I'd live. Because I'm Indian."

"That's right," Tommy said. "We'd live."

They stood there, father and son, shoulder to shoulder. And then Tommy talked to me across the canyon.

"There's something I want to ask you," he said. "I've been wanting to ask this question for a long time, and maybe you can answer it. I noticed something when I was in New York. I noticed that nobody paid any attention to me, nobody talked to me, nobody looked at me, I was a nobody—till they found out I did Indian dances. Then I was somebody. Then—'Say Tommy here does Indian dances! Did you know that? Did you know Tommy does Hopi dances?' Then everybody came around. Then everybody talked to me. Then everybody shook my hand. Then I was a big shot. Now why was that?"

"Tommy," I said, "I don't know."

"You don't know, eh? I thought maybe you could explain it to me. You're a schoolteacher. I though maybe you could teach me something—why that was. You walk the streets in New York and you're a nobody. You're just like a nigger—" I use his words. "But when they find out you do Indian dances—'Say, Tommy, we're having some people over, we're having a little party Saturday night, down at our place, down at Washington Square. How about coming down and putting on some Hopi dances for us. Sure! Bring your friends! How about it, Tommy? Here's a five-spot. Buy yourself a coke!' Why is that? I've been wondering about that for four years. Ever since I was in New York. I thought maybe you could explain it to me."

"Tommy," I said. "I don't know. I simply do not know!"

"You don't know," Tommy says. "Then who does know?"

He looked at me across the canyon, and in a way I was glad the canyon was there.

"So be it," I thought.

"Tommy. Son," his father said. "Let's go." And he brought his fingers up to his head in a kind of white salute. "Good-bye," he said.

"Good-bye," I said.

"Good-bye," Tommy said. "Thanks for the lunch." And they walked away.

* * *

I turned around. Betty was still standing near the car, holding the Indian baby. And then the Navajo woman came over, and Betty said,

"I guess you want your baby back." And the Navajo woman nodded—they're very shy.

So Betty gave her back the baby. And we hung around for a while, and then they began to hand out the prizes, and the people applauded, and by and by they started to leave.

"I guess it's just about over," Betty said.

"Yes," I said, "it's over."

"We'd better say good-bye to our friends."

"Our friends?"

"Tommy and his father."

"I think they've left already."

Betty looked around. "I guess you're right," she said.

So we got into the car and started toward Keams Canyon. We had to go very slow. The road was full of Navajos—in wagons, on horses, on foot. Sometimes they looked up as we passed. Sometimes they waved at us, and we waved at them. Sometimes they smiled. We smiled.

And then there were no more Indians. Just the gravel road and the sand and sage and yucca and a little grass and a few piñon and sky. Plenty of sky. I looked into the rear-view mirror, but all I could see was the dust we were kicking up. Dust in back of us, sky in front of us, that's all I could see.

"About twenty-five miles to Jaddito," Betty said, looking at the map. "Small circle, like Steamboat."

A small circle. That was what my mind was, a small circle like Steamboat, and I couldn't get that boy, Tommy, out of it. "Four years," I thought, "that's how long it's been burning in him. Indian dancer . . . performer . . . a trained dog that does fancy tricks. . . . You can imagine the kind of people he got mixed up with in the city. That Greenwich Village crowd, phonies every one of them. But four years? That's a long time to remember."

And after four years to bring it up to me! Why? Am I like those people? Or Betty? Do we behave that way? I try constantly in my life, in my classes, to get that idea across. Respect for the next fellow. Not as an Indian or a dancer or this or that, but simply as a human being. Surely I must have accomplished something. Been teaching for twenty-two years. Two semesters a year, five classes a semester, thirty, thirty-five kids in a class. Over six thousand kids! That's how many I've talked to across the

desk. Many of them married now with children of their own. Do you mean to say I haven't gotten anything across to them? And the Negro kids and the Puerto Ricans that come up to me after class? They tell me things that would break your heart. Even in New York, a tolerant city. "I understand," I tell them. "I do understand. But we must be patient and work together. And things do improve. You have to admit they have improved." And they say, yes, they have improved and we must be patient and work together.

Twenty-two years. Doesn't that mean anything? Twenty-two years of my life—down the drain, gone, shot, just to make a living? I can't believe that. That *can't* be true. So you see . . . I—I've done my share. And still at it. And going back to the desk in the fall. Then why did he bring it up to me? After all, we're tourists! We came to look at a Navajo rodeo. And I didn't even approach him first in the trading post! He came over to me! Then why— Just because I come from New York? Because I'm white? But that isn't *fair!*

I don't like to have things like that thrown up to me, especially when I'm on my vacation.

The Skeptical Psychologist

By ERLING ENG

ONE OF THE MODERN SUBSTITUTES for traditional religion is a belief in "psychology," including psychiatry and psychoanalysis. Whether we forget a person's name, have a dream, write a book, lead a group, get married, become a parent, or raise a child, we are quite likely to seek or have thrust upon us a "psychological" explanation of our experience. Instead of the older emphasis on "self-reflection" or "prayer" the modern man is exhorted to "see a psychiatrist." If earlier, a parent's interest in the life of his children was less anxious, the contemporary parent is often expected to be as a god, knowing the mysteries of good and evil in the formation of his child's character. If one were to take seriously all the suggestions of various authorities on child psychology, one could well conclude that it's an awfully risky business to be a parent.

Hand in hand with such preoccupations goes the careless or caustic use in everyday conversation of such terms as "neurotic," "symptomatic," "projection," or "compulsive." There was a time when men felt sinful; now they seem equally preoccupied with thoughts about their "neurosis." Instead of denunciations of human iniquity by the orthodox, we now hear of the ubiquity of "the neurotic personality of our time." One wonders at times what greater merit there is in this doctrine as against the previous one of original sin. Moreover, if everyone is sinful, then everyone is in need of salvation. Thus a student once asked me, "Couldn't everyone benefit greatly from a psychoanalysis?" When I replied that psychoanalysts themselves have emphasized the limitations of their technique, it seemed as if her trust in universal salvation had been betrayed.

In recent years jokes and cartoons about psychiatrists, psychoanalysts, and psychologists have multiplied in the popular magazines. Some of them turn the tables on the expert in human affairs, attributing to him the foibles he ostensibly treats in others; some of them make light of the feeling of being "neurotic" or "abnormal." An example is the *New*

ERLING ENG is Assistant Professor of Psychology at Antioch College.

Yorker cartoon showing a man sitting on the sidewalk, selling pencils, around his neck a card reading "Maladjusted." Such productions may be evidence of defensiveness on the part of the cartoonist and his audience because of a fancied threat of being "psychoanalyzed." But they may serve another purpose as well. They sprinkle a bit of salt on the omniscience, omnipotence, and magic so often attributed to such experts by increasing numbers of people. Of course, some persons often show quite intense and irrational opposition to psychological writings and approaches. On the other hand, some people seem to make an almost unconditional intellectual and emotional surrender to the very same doctrines. Either extreme stems in part from a misunderstanding of our present knowledge of personality and human relations.

Needless to say, there are no absolute limitations placed on our understanding of personality that one might point to in order to confine the present spreading prairie fire of "psychology." However, there are certain limits for our present understanding, limits the skeptical psychologist does not forget. For failure to appreciate such limits on his part may lend itself to unwitting self-deception and a subtle authoritarian air. Moreover, erroneous conceptions of psychological knowledge held by the public may encourage unrealistic expectancies of what psychologists can do, preparing the ground for possible disappointment.

To indicate such present limits, however, is not to deny in any way the very real, valuable, and imperfectly disseminated insights into personality formation and functioning that have occurred in the past fifty years.

What is some of the evidence for these limits?

The following remarks come from a seasoned clinical psychologist, Dr. Jean MacFarlane of the University of California, associated with one of the oldest child development studies in this country:

> One of the most provocative questions which has arisen from our twenty-year study of cross-section families, and one on which further research must be done, is why many persons have become wise, steady, mature and tolerant, and have avoided flights into delinquency or neuroticism which anyone of professional competence reviewing their disturbing life histories would reasonably have predicted for them. Just one example from among many, and that only briefly sketched.
>
> One of the mothers, now 52, presented the following history. Her father died before she was three, and from an age of three to ten she and her brother

lived separated from their mother in the home of a fanatically religious and sadistic grandmother who gave them no affection and beat them whenever they smiled, on the theory that they smiled only when thinking sinful thoughts. She beat them and terrified them with vivid accounts of hell fires and tortures when their undernourished bodies were unable to effect with competence tasks which were beyond their strength and skills. Our mother lived in a rural community and attended school less than three months of the year, walking four miles each way, many times in sub-zero weather for which she was inadequately clothed.

At ten she returned to her mother, married now to an alcoholic who did not support the family and, when drunk, beat his wife and stepchildren who were torn between hiding out to protect themselves and risking themselves to protect their mother. The girl escaped before she was sixteen, and married an itinerant worker by whom she immediately became pregnant and in quick succession bore five children. She still lives with him although he has never been steadily employed save during war boom periods. She has been the major support of her five children and her husband, doing housework and factory work. She has raised and educated four fine, self-reliant children in spite of her inadequate, carping, arthritic husband. The fifth child—the oldest daughter—who she feels might have been saved had they been able to afford medical attention soon enough, died of a brain tumor after a year's illness.

And what is she like at 52? A woman of great strength, understanding, compassion and affection whose children have unusual stability, independence, a sense of personal and social responsibility and an easy adult relationship to her. She is extremely well-read, an accomplishment attained late at night after her double job of supporting the family and managing the home. She writes substantial poetry and enjoys music and art, a taste acquired through trying to give her children the esthetic satisfactions she had missed as a child. Her only complaint now, with the children grown up and gone and her husband bedridden, is that life is too short for her to savor all the treasures of literature and art and, most exciting and rewarding of all, to enjoy the inner richness of the many persons whom she does not know well, but into whom, from time to time, she has had short heart-warming glimpses.

Another statement of the problem comes from a veteran clinical psychologist, Dr. Anne Roe, who in recent years has conducted research in "normal" personality:

If you found in a clinic a girl whose father had been the town drunk, her mother a paranoid schizophrenic, her first few years practically a classic of everything that shouldn't happen to a child, then a few years of extremely poor institutional care, followed by a life in a foster home with pleasant but inadequate foster fathers (the first one died) and a psychopathic foster mother who turned on her, you would not be surprised that she needed a psychologist. A history like that has been accepted as the explanation of practically any

> disorder you can mention, and as a sufficient explanation, whether you rely on constitutional or environmental factors. But I can show you the record of a girl with this history who got a good education for herself over her foster mother's opposition, got and held a good job, and is now happily married and an adequate person. She does have some somatic complaints but they are not important. How did she do it?
>
> I can show you the test records of more than one superior adult normal . . . which would occasion no surprise if taken in a psychiatric clinic. This is a point whose importance cannot be overstressed. Given a high degree of clinical maladjustment, how does it happen that in some persons it is translated into social maladjustment and in others it is not—what holds these people together? I can guess sometimes, but sometimes I can't even guess.

Pertinent also are the findings of the clinical staff whose job it was to screen applicants for hazardous intelligence work with the Office of Strategic Services during World War II. To ensure selection of personnel with unusual personal and social resources, candidates were subjected to a baffling, grueling, frustrating three days of personality study in which a wide variety of techniques were employed. Over five thousand individuals were examined in this fashion, undoubtedly the largest number of adequate persons ever to be intensively studied. Among their findings they report that:

> (1) the life histories of an unusual number of very effective personalities included experiences considered significant for the development of disordered personalities;
>
> (2) such individuals failed to show excessive cravings for superiority which would have been present if the achievement were merely evidence of overcompensation. The earlier problem had apparently become resolved in the course of development;
>
> (3) such difficult and intense experiences seemed more relevant for understanding an individual's proficiencies than his deficiencies.

And it is concluded that at present psychologists are very much in need of a "clearer understanding of the positive, creative and health-building forces which so often succeed in checking, counteracting, or transforming the complexes of early life in such a way as to produce characters which in certain respects are stronger than they would otherwise have been."

In all of these observations the psychologist has found himself at the boundary of his present understanding of personality. Can he push that boundary back? Before an answer can be given, one must ask

another question: what factors help account for the present limits of our understanding?

It seems possible to obtain a partial answer by looking at current personality research, by inquiries into the why, when, where and how of the observations on which our present knowledge is based.

Why have most personality studies been made? They have been made to gain an understanding of the roots of personal or social difficulties from which persons were seeking deliverance.

When have most personality studies been made? In most cases, only when difficulties had multiplied to the point where special attention was required.

Where have most such studies been carried out? Within the four walls of an office, or on the ward of a mental hospital, or in a nursery school setting, and only rarely in the settings of a person's customary living.

How have these studies been made? Most of them have relied on memory for a reconstruction of crucial events in development. Observational studies have usually been carried out with an inadequate set of concepts and analytic categories.

What is the import of these points for our present limited understanding of personality?

In the first place, life experiences contributing to disorder and frustration are much better understood than those related to social and personal creativeness. Most of our time and energy has been spent—as seems only legitimate thus far—studying the problematic human beings, and so it is not surprising that our concepts are somewhat custom-tailored to fit their cases. Once more, however, it is not denied that principles and concepts of value for understanding problematic persons are also useful for understanding adequate persons. Of course, the latter are not unacquainted with anxiety; they too have their personality defenses, as well as some of the other features associated with personality disorder. Yet the clinical vocabulary is rich in comparison with the paucity of terms available for characterizing different kinds of adequate persons.

A second consequence of the present form of personality studies is a very limited understanding of the actual process by which, over a period of many years, an individual's interpersonal ties become the sources of his adequacy or his disorder. Subjects are studied far from the milieu in

which their present personality emerged; they are tested or interviewed in an office or on a hospital ward, or, if placed in a group, must interact with virtual strangers. Of course these procedures are informative, but do not furnish the facts still missing in our understanding of development.

In the study of animals other than man, observations are made of each creature in his natural habitat. How much more important this is in the study of human life, because of the variously idiosyncratic nets of symbolic meanings which we, as the spider his web, have thrown about ourselves! But this study of the complex symbolic habitats of human beings is no easy task; it is one to which the cultural anthropologist and sociologist have only recently directed their efforts in studies of personality and culture relations.

Thirdly, there is an overabundance of studies based on reconstructions of past experience. Valuable as they may be for opening up the "private worlds" of individuals at the present time, it is hardly possible to make predictions of experience or behavior from such data and to check these against future events.

Now, let us look at some of the ways in which these present shortcomings may be removed.

First of all, research must be more generally extended to a representative sample of persons, the adequate as well as the problematic, the "spontaneous" as well as the neurotic. Some such samples are being studied at present. The work at the Fels Institute for Research in Human development at Antioch College is an outstanding example. Studies, moreover, of productive personalities have been undertaken, studies of artists, scientists, and social leaders. This kind of work may help us deal with some of the problems raised by today's need for competent leadership. Is it possible to point to the experiences that have been significant in the personal growth of our outstanding leaders? In what way have interests and atmospheres of family and community contributed to their life-achievement? Already important work has been done in this direction, a portion of which appears in the recently published *The Authoritarian Personality* by investigators at the University of California. Here the personality qualities and views and life experience of one kind of prejudiced person are compared with those characteristic of the person

relatively free from prejudice. Such work suggests the possibility of studying the varieties of adequate personality in a similar fashion.

Secondly, it is important that individuals be studied in their personal haunts. A social and cultural analysis of a wide variety of day-to-day and person-to-person interactions would add much-needed detail (if it could be coped with) to our knowledge of personality. One such study has already been started. This is a long-time, large-scale project involving an entire Midwestern town, and is focussed on the community experiences, behaviors, and personality development of the town's children. The aim of the researchers is to study the child as he moves through his everyday world, and observe the impact of his special and shared experiences on his personality-in-making. To achieve this, a scheme for the minute description of situations, behavior and experience has been devised. Since a specific bit of behavior is related not only to personality tendencies but to current environmental conditions as well, it is necessary to describe the situations in which the behavior occurs as well as the personality of the actor. Thus far psychologists have done rather poorly in describing various real-life situations in which persons do or experience different things. In the Kansas study a succession of half-hour observers accompany a particular child on a particular day through all the activities and experiences of his waking hours. When the child gets up in the morning, an observer (already known to him) is there with pad and pencil; when the child is tucked in at night, the last observer tiptoes away, still silently writing. Not only are all the child's activities and experiences recorded, but also the situations in which these occur. From an abundance of such continuous records, analyzed, coded, and put on IBM cards, it is hoped that hypotheses about significant relationships will emerge, which can then be put to further test.

Finally, additional long-term studies in a variety of cultural environments are needed, studies that accompany an individual step by step through life. Such studies would make possible predictions and the checking of such predictions. With a record at hand of the sequence of significant experiences and personality changes, it may be possible to appraise the role of life-experiences not always salvagable from the memory of adults. Moreover, it is extremely desirable to have independent data to verify the occurrence of various inferred or imperfectly recalled events in the life-history. At present it is only rarely possible to do this.

Research of this sort is costly in time, energy, and personnel, and because of concentration on long-term relationships in the data, can only slowly ripen to the maturity of publication.

Thus far the limitations occasioned by the sample, the conditions, and the term of personality study have been emphasized. But there are other limitations, no less important. For, if present thinking about personality has been limited by available data, it is also the case that the data have been limited by psychologists' thinking about personality.

Thinking about personality has been "isolationist" in the sense that activity and experience have been thought of as stemming from, originating in, various separate agents. Just as human thought at various periods in history has been characterized as geocentric, anthropocentric, or ethnocentric, so one may say that modern thought has been largely "egocentric" in its conceptions of personal experience and personality. Personality has come to be thought of as an entity, or a cluster or structure of needs and motives. There has been a marked tendency to think of these as somehow "contained" within the individual, rather than as abstractions for describing the form and content of the various interpersonal relationships of which a person is capable. Instead of viewing personality in terms of past and existing relationships with significant figures in the individual life-history, psychologists have been more fond of the often specious "objectivity" of trait-names, need-constructs, and classifications of primary and secondary drives. Needless to say, consideration of personality in such terms discloses little of the individual in his complex interpersonal activity. And it is likely that this still enormous gap in our understanding of the intricate human transactions that occur all the way from intimate friendships to international affairs is responsible for the rather limited value of psychological insights and approaches in many affairs of "practical" life.

A STORY

The City of the Angels

By SUE DAVIDSON

WHEN, THREE YEARS AFTER THE WAR ENDED, Mrs. Springer's health became poor, the family decided to move to California. It was not altogether the state of the mother's health that decided them, for the doctor had not said that continued exposure to Wisconsin winters would be absolutely fatal to her. It was, rather, that Mrs. Springer's poor health coincided with an almost simultaneous desire on the part of her children for a change of residence.

There was actually, each of them felt, nothing to hold them any longer in this small town that was their birthplace and home. Mrs. Springer owned the house, but that could easily be sold. Mr. Springer, at his death, had left very little else but the house, no business interests for John to look after, no profession for him to step into after he got out of the Army. The older sister, Hannah, secretary at a feed company, had been bored with her position and her paycheck for some time. And Constance, who left high school at seventeen to marry a soldier, and was divorced eight months later, had the least possibility of a future in Green Lake. It had become difficult in recent years to get a good job without a high school diploma; and Constance could not bring herself to return to Green Lake High, where all the teachers knew about her. Hannah said it embarrassed her just to walk down the street since Constance's divorce. Twenty-nine now, and unmarried, Hannah had not much patience with the younger sister.

As for Mrs. Springer herself, anything that John and the girls wanted was all right with her. She did not take her illness too seriously; she believed, rather, that the strange aches in her arms and legs and back emanated from the ache in her heart for the discontent of her children since the war was over. Mrs. Springer was not sorry the war was over; she had been, throughout, acutely conscious of death and destruction in

---

SUE DAVIDSON was a Fellow in Creative Writing at Stanford University in 1949-50. At present she has a Saxton Fellowship awarded by Harper and Brothers for a novel-in-progress.

other parts of the world and had prayed for peace to come. But in spite of this, she recognized that the war years had been happy ones for her children. There was, for all of them, a pervasive note of expectancy in the days of those years, a feeling as of a curtain rising. At any moment the drama of all their dreams might be achieved. The end of the war, though stirring, would not end the drama; the acts would go on and on, each one a greater fulfilment. Mrs. Springer felt for John, Hannah, and Constance, a deep sadness, watching the anticipatory brightness dimming little by little from their eyes as the town settled back into its prewar insularity. If moving west meant that the children would regain their affectionate attitude toward one another; if it meant that they would all laugh and chatter together as in the days gone by; if it meant that they would once more carry within them a vision of lives beautiful and triumphant, then Mrs. Springer would be satisfied.

They had not, at first, any definite idea of where they should go, except that it must be a city. It was the doctor's suggestion that the dry climate in a place like Tucson, Arizona, might be good for Mrs. Springer that led eventually to the final decision to move to Los Angeles. As long as they were going west, John and the girls thought they might as well go all the way to the coast, where there were greater opportunities for young people.

A week after their arrival they bought, through an agent, a duplex belonging to a family that had moved back to New York. Mrs. Springer, marvelling at the unobstructed view of fig trees through the arched picture-window, and warmly aware of the length of time it had been since Hannah had made a cutting remark to Constance, said to the agent, "Why in the world did they give it up?"

"Oh," the agent said, "I don't know. They were New Yorkers. So go argue with a New Yorker. I guess they missed being holed up in the snow nine months out of the year, or their relatives back East, or something."

Mrs. Springer was born and raised in the house her grandfather built in Green Lake; after her marriage, she moved into the house her husband built. The sensation, therefore, of living in a place that had been lived in by strangers was odd, ghostly; and she found herself speculating often upon the Levines, the former owners. Of course, the Levines were not the only people who had lived here; the building was fifteen years

old, and the Levines had only occupied it for two years. But Mrs. Springer did not know the names of the preceding families; besides, the fact that the Levines had moved to California from another state, like the Springers, made Mrs. Springer feel a certain kinship with them.

Neither of the apartments was occupied when the Springers moved in. They found tenants for the smaller half of the duplex and took the larger half for themselves. Mrs. Springer imagined that the Levines had done the same thing.

Although the apartment had not been decorated for seven years, Mrs. Springer attributed to the Levines all the distinguishing marks of personality and incident left upon its walls, its floors, its surrounding plot of land. A corner of the kitchen had been scratched with red crayon. Someone had tried to erase it, but the name "Bud" still showed quite plainly. There were other evidences of the Levines' little son—a cracked celluloid airplane on a closet shelf, a wastebasket, forgotten or discarded, upon which was stencilled an illustration of Old Mother Hubbard gazing desperately at her hungry dog. There was another child too, an older one, a girl. The stacks of *Seventeen* and *Mademoiselle* in the garage bore witness to this. Mr. Levine was a man who was fond of employing his skill in carpentry about the home. There were two handmade bird-houses on poles in the side yard, and extra shelves built into the kitchen pantry. The poor fellow had trouble with his feet, and to ease their swelling often used a hot foot-bath of the Epsom salts Mrs. Springer discovered in the bathroom medicine chest.

The only member of the Levine family who did not, during the first month in the duplex, come through clearly to Mrs. Springer was Mrs. Levine. Mrs. Springer had nothing to go on, for Mrs. Levine had vanished without a trace. But the very fact itself that no possessions of Mrs. Levine remained behind with the inanimate mementoes of the rest of the family, contributed to an attitude toward Mrs. Levine, if it failed to supply an image. The abandoned articles seemed, without so much as a hairpin or a garter to keep them company, somehow motherless. So that whenever Mrs. Springer's efforts to summon up Mrs. Levine concluded in the emptiness with which they began, Mrs. Springer was overtaken by a feeling of vague antipathy, the restrained contempt of the indomitable toward a deserter. Mrs. Levine, she was convinced, had, in some undefinable sense, deserted Mr. Levine, little Bud, and her teen-age daughter.

Constance, who helped Mrs. Springer get the apartment into livable order, collected the Levines' discarded possessions and burned them along with the general debris of housecleaning. Mrs. Springer thought they might keep the Mother Hubbard wastebasket, but Constance said, "Nonsense."

The Springers had arrived in Los Angeles in the middle of the public school term, which meant that Constance must put off her registration for three months. It was scarcely worth the trouble to look for a job for such a short period; so Constance went to the movies or to the beach, or puttered about the apartment, painting her nails, setting her hair. John was more fortunate. He had, to Mrs. Springer's delight, determined to take advantage of the G.I. bill, and succeeded in getting in at USC in time for the spring quarter. He was majoring in journalism.

Although John received compensation for Mrs. Springer as a dependent, and they had the rent from their tenants, and Constance's generous alimony checks, Hannah felt she must take a job immediately. She went to work as a secretary again, this time in an insurance office; but she had no intentions of staying there. She enrolled in a free adult education course entitled "Poise, Personality, and Psychology." There were no men in this class, but for the time being Hannah did not mind that. She felt that the course would prove infinitely valuable. By the time she should have finished it, she was certain of being able to break into one of the big movie agencies as a receptionist. There she would meet the sort of people she wanted to meet, people with something more to offer than those who were her daily fare at the insurance office.

Mrs. Springer did not want Hannah's habitual uneasiness over money matters to spread to John, who needed perfect peace of mind in order to concentrate upon his studies. She was, therefore, scrupulously frugal with the house money; and although her illness made it impossible for her to hold a job, she earned a little through addressing envelopes at home for a mail-order firm. Moreover, she avoided getting started with doctor bills in Los Angeles by neglecting to contact a new doctor. She renewed her prescription, writing to the druggist at Green Lake for it; and tried to spend as much time in the sunshine as she could snatch from her housework.

Behind the house was a small patio where, for a while, Mrs. Springer sunned herself. The first time she saw the patio, Mrs. Springer recalled

an article she had read in a magazine a few years back. "Californians," the article had stated, "do most of their living out-of-doors. This is especially true in and around lovely, sun-kissed Los Angeles, justly named 'The City of the Angels,' where life is lived almost exclusively on the patio."

Looking over the useless, cobwebbed furniture of the patio now, and at the weeds springing through the cracks in its tiles, one could almost hear the first family that owned the house exclaiming, "We'll simply *live* on that patio!" In the first flush of enthusiasm, when some attempt to "simply live" out there was still being carried on, it had been furnished with a white tin doughnut of a table, through whose middle an umbrella was thrust, camp chairs to gather round the table, and an uncomfortable deck chair. But slowly, the exigencies of life must have crept in upon the family. Inside the house there were bills to worry about, babies to tend, pots to scrub; the people in the house, as though the patio were in Africa, had greater and greater difficulty in reaching it. At last they sold the house, patio, patio furniture and all. Other families moving in always intended to do something about the patio; but, held off perhaps by its initial air of unconquerable desolation, they moved out again without disturbing it. The weeds grew up; the furniture absorbed the rain; the insects came to build. Now the table was a disk of rusted lace flecked with a few clinging dots of white paint. All that remained of the umbrella was its pole. The camp chairs, a twisted heap of splintered sticks and rotten canvas, lay beneath the fragmentary shadow of the table. The frame of the deck chair stood yet, but its cushions had been removed, in all likelihood to be put to some more practical use.

But the worst feature of the patio, and the one that was responsible for its ultimate effect, was the fish pond. At first Mrs. Springer neglected its importance, since it was not in the center of the patio, but off to one side. Then, gradually, she realized how, without moving to look into it, she was aware of its waters; and how, consistently, her eyes were drawn to gaze upon its mutilated statuette.

In the course of the years the upper portion of the statuette had cracked and fallen away into the pond; and one could now only reconstruct what it must once have been by means of the remaining lower portion. There was a pedestal supporting a giant turtle from whose neck extended not a head, but an iron rod like an outthrust tongue. A chubby

leg, broken off at the thigh, knelt on the turtle's back; and at the turtle's side was a matching dimpled foot braceleted in rusted coils of chicken-mesh. As though this foot had stayed healthy, greedily absorbing all nourishment, while its leg wasted away, it was serviced above the ankle only by another thin, upstanding rod.

The pond itself, choked with dead leaves, dead insects, figs dropped from the trees, bits of rag, resembled a dish of stale green vegetable soup. Unaccountably (perhaps the Levines had owned them) monstrous carrot-colored fish still swam in the murky water, bumping hungrily in a circle about the statuette. All was enclosed with a strong rail fence, leaning slightly inward, as though tenderly to guard the putrefaction there.

Because, if she sat unoccupied upon the patio, the fish pond and its tenants had this power to intrude so forcibly upon her, Mrs. Springer began to make a habit of carrying a book out there. She would place a cushion at one end of the deck chair frame; and, with her back turned to the fish pond, attempt to concentrate upon her novel or biography or history. But no genre and no style and no amount of Mrs. Springer's will power could overcome the pull of the wreck at the edge of the patio; and sooner or later she would confess to herself that her mind was not following the printed page, but, instead, the flaccid movements of the goldfish in their gluttonous, incessant search for food. She felt that if they could crawl as well as swim, they would swarm up to devour the headless turtle and the amputated child.

At last she gave up altogether her attempt to use the patio for its intended purpose, and took her cushion and her book to the front lawn, which, because of the number of trees, was damper and not so sunny. Inwardly, she reproached Mr. Levine for buying the goldfish. Perhaps little Bud was interested in animals; but could he not have bought a dog, a cat, or even some nice white chickens? She did not blame Mr. Levine for allowing the broken statuette to stand; because she knew now that the statuette alone would have been innocuous. It was the goldfish that lent to the statuette whatever qualities of terror it possessed. Mrs. Levine was an enigma still, but this much was certain: spending as much time at home as she did, Mrs. Levine must have found out the goldfish too, and begged for their removal.

In the end, after giving the matter more careful consideration, she decided that it could not have been Mr. Levine, or any of the Levines,

who had put those fish into the pond. The fish had simply been there already; and the Levines, like Mrs. Springer herself, had not been able to think of any satisfactory way of getting rid of them.

II

John had been troubled for some time by doubts concerning the suitability of journalism as a career for himself. Now, towards the end of the spring quarter, he was absolutely certain that it had been a poor choice, and that his childhood ambition to become a doctor should no longer be ignored. There was, of course, nothing that could be done about the change in plans immediately; but it was a load off his mind to have settled the question of what courses to take during the summer session.

The temporary gloom that John's mental struggle had draped over the household was lifted, and Mrs. Springer thought, "Everything good happens at once." For not only was John's future secure, but Hannah had at last met a man who seemed to be seriously interested in her.

In the weeks just preceding these two gratifying events, Mrs. Springer had sometimes thought that she would actually lose her mind, not only because of the anxiety she shared with her children, but because of the intense physical pain it seemed to provoke. She had been especially upset one night when John, staring wretchedly at the snack she had brought to his desk, said, "It was a mistake to come here. I wish you could have managed to stick it out in Green Lake. The field's not so crowded there, and I could have gotten on the newspaper without even *going* to college."

Mrs. Springer had been swept with an enormous wave of guilt. In view of the responsibility of her health for the move, it seemed an act of willful stubbornness that she felt no better here than she had in Green Lake. The fact that she had not urged the children to leave Green Lake offered no comfort; they had still, she was certain, left primarily because of her. She wanted to tell John that she would not mind a bit returning to Wisconsin; but she was stopped by the realization that return was impossible. Return would be an admission of defeat; and in a town the size of Green Lake, defeat was not a private matter.

Besides, they could not afford to move back, as Hannah often pointed out. Hannah, too, before meeting Bob, was in the habit of discussing the advantages of Green Lake over Los Angeles. For one thing, living was so much higher in Los Angeles. With Hannah's money being poured

constantly into family expenses, she said, she could not even save enough to get an outfit that might create the necessary impression at the movie agencies. She had applied at a couple of them on her day off, with no success. Her "Poise, Personality, and Psychology" teacher had warned Hannah in advance that she would get nowhere without the expensive-looking clothes proper to the movie industry.

They had all, then, been under a strain, with the possible exclusion of Constance. It was to be expected that Constance, so young, so pretty, and with no responsibilities, should escape any deep agitation. Except for a period following upon her divorce, when Green Lake censure interfered, Constance had always had plenty of beaux; and she continued to have them in Los Angeles. Between dates, she helped Mrs. Springer around the house, although this did not work out too smoothly. Constance's brief domestic experience had given her very definite, and undeniably excellent, notions of how a household should be run; and she was not able to hide her frequent irritation at Mrs. Springer's failure to grasp the better ways of doing things. Yet Mrs. Springer could not very well turn over the household duties to Constance altogether, as this would interfere with Constance's freedom to come and go as she pleased, a freedom Mrs. Springer felt she deserved after her long hibernation in Green Lake.

For the most part, however, Constance was really good-natured; and because she had always been popular herself, generous enough to forget Hannah's past sharpness and to be as thrilled as Hannah and Mrs. Springer about Hannah's beau. It was, as a matter of fact, Constance's idea that they should invite Bob to dinner. They had not, before the dinner party, ever seen Bob; for it was more convenient for Hannah to meet him downtown after work. Constance said that she would also invite Rickey Loring, a man she'd been going out with quite a bit; and they could have a sort of party. The air of festivity was contagious; John's confidence in his decision about a profession became even brighter; and Mrs. Springer was happier than she had dared, recently, to dream would ever be possible. She had feared that the last vestige of hope for her family, like the stone of the broken statuette, was crumbling away, just as it had crumbled for the Levines.

It was perhaps due to the greater sensitivity developed by unhappiness that during the period of discouragement Mrs. Springer's understanding

of the Levines progressed at such a rapid rate. To begin with, her own bodily pain brought to mind the discomfort Mr. Levine suffered with his feet; and she came to the conclusion that he had been in the infantry in Europe, where he had contracted trenchfoot. This gave to his ailment a justification her ailment did not possess; and thinking of his pain, her own pain often faded. She was struck, also, with a fact that should have been obvious from the first, that the Levines must be Jewish. Simultaneously with this realization, the name of the Levines' daughter came to her: it was Deborah, Debby for short, the same as the name of the Jewish girl who had been in Mrs. Springer's fifth-grade class. The tears sprang to Mrs. Springer's eyes the first time it occurred to her that Debby's classmates in Los Angeles might have taunted her with the same ugly words that the Green Lake children sometimes flung at the other Debby. Perhaps even little Bud had been affected, had sensed the ancient hostility in the air and vibrated to it with inward terror, giving no outward sign, digging on wordlessly in the soil with a battered tin spoon.

But when better times came, Mrs. Springer firmly pushed the Levines from her mind. She knew that she should have been thinking less of them and more of John, Constance, and Hannah. Simply because her children had been, for a while, a trifle short-tempered with her, a trifle critical of her, was no excuse for such divided sympathy. Now that they were happy again, they would offer her a share of their happiness; and it was ungrateful of her to concern herself with the affairs of the Levines, rather than with those of her own family.

. . . Except, of course, that when she thought of the Levines, she persisted in a nebulous sense of Mrs. Levine's desertion of them. But this was probably a delusion; and, in any case, surely there was nothing she could do about it, even if the delusion happened to be accurate. She did not so much as know the Levines' New York address.

The dinner party was so gay, such a success, that Mrs. Springer told the girls, seriously, she thought John should write it up to send to *The Green Lake Times*. It was held on a Saturday, and the whole family participated in the preparations. Constance cooked the dinner; Mrs. Springer cleaned the house and filled it with flowers from the garden; even John helped, polishing the silverware and the glasses. Hannah lent a hand here and there; they wanted her share to be lightest, so that she would have adequate time to set her hair, fix her nails, and rest for an

hour after her bath, with her eyes covered by cotton pads soaked in witch hazel.

Both young men arrived with flowers for Mrs. Springer, which had to be put in Mason jars, since all the vases were occupied by the roses from the Springers' garden. Bob's bouquet was of jonquils and blue cornflowers; and he said to Mrs. Springer, "I didn't expect your eyes to be bluer than the flowers." Her face crimsoned at his words, and in the midst of her delight, she was ashamed of her confusion. She was not accustomed to compliments; the children, like their father, were so reserved.

Constance, whose warmth toward strangers could never be counted upon, put herself out to be friendly and amusing. In spite of being delayed in the kitchen until twenty minutes before the guests arrived, she looked as fresh and lovely as always. Hannah, her cheeks flushed with excitement, appeared nearly as young as Constance. At dinner, it came out by chance that Bob was a jazz fan. Constance was a jazz fan also; and the two of them had a long and lively debate over the respective merits of two "hot trumpet" men. No one else at the table understood what they were talking about; but they all enjoyed listening. Bob and Rickey stayed on until midnight; and when they left, Bob said to Mrs. Springer, "I hope I'm going to see you often." This was practically a declaration of his intentions, as Mrs. Springer said afterwards to Hannah. Hannah laughed, and blushed. She was so grateful to Mrs. Springer and Constance for the lovely impression they had created that she hugged both of them before she went to bed. Constance's physical delicacy caused her fatigue at the smallest effort; and she was tired out by this time. She shrugged away and said acidly: "O.K., you'll get your man. You don't have to kill me over it." And Hannah, generally so touchy, that night merely laughed and gave Constance another hug.

The dinner party launched the Springers into a summer that was cool and fair and full of promise. There was about those early summer days that same note of expectancy that had sung through all the day-by-day events of the war. John returned each evening from his classes fired with enthusiasm for science, filled with awesome relief that he had seen the error of last quarter's immature ambitions. He spoke with contempt of "the lords of the press," and told Mrs. Springer that only in

the sciences could one escape from the petty, obscuring considerations of personality, into the indifferent objectivity of Truth.

The girls were closer to one another than they had been since childhood, and it was no wonder, for they had now so many interests in common. Hannah consulted Constance on questions of what to wear for various dates with Bob, and the two compared notes on their respective evening entertainments. Sometimes they double-dated. Constance had a different boy friend nearly every night; and because the child seemed to be having such a good time, Mrs. Springer could not bring herself to argue with her when she decided to put off her high school registration until fall.

Since Constance knew a great many people who played the horses, Hannah asked her advice on how to rid Bob of his obsession for the sport. Hannah had no particular moral objections to horse racing; but she did not relish the possibility of marrying a man who might gamble away his pay check and her own. Her discussions with Bob on this subject had so far netted no results. Although Bob had not definitely asked her to marry him, Hannah said that for his own sake she had pleaded with him that he put aside some savings for his future. Hannah thought that only a man from an extremely improvident family could have developed such careless habits, and she frankly told Bob as much.

The girls talked these things over mostly on Sunday mornings, dawdling over the third cup of breakfast coffee. There was usually no time for chatting after evening meals, because they both rushed away to get dressed; and John went to his room to study, or took a girl to a movie. The girls spoke quite freely in Mrs. Springer's presence; and this was so rewarding for her and so interesting that frequently she omitted going to church altogether. But she did not omit saying private devotions, day and night, so thankful was she for the contentment of her children. Of secondary importance, but duly recognized, was her thankfulness for the improvement in her health. The dampness of the coastal climate had receded with the summer; and Mrs. Springer felt certain that the doctor had been wrong in recommending Tucson where, she understood, the summers were hot and uncomfortable.

Toward the end of July, when the weather in Los Angeles was also growing warm, Hannah suggested that they might have another dinner party. Hannah thought it would be good for Bob, who had been rather

dispirited of late, to get the atmosphere of a family gathering. Constance was apathetic to the idea; but John said he would like it, for he wanted to invite a girl from the humanities class he'd been auditing. After a little prodding, Constance agreed to ask one of her young men—not Rickey, who bored her, but the stocky young car salesman who was her current favorite. Mrs. Springer suspected that Constance might be in love with him; she was even quieter than usual of late, and her face often wore an expression of brooding sadness that was otherwise inexplicable.

John said that it was too warm to eat inside, that it would be much more pleasant to have dinner on the patio, by candlelight. He said he would clean up the patio himself, and move the table and chairs out there. However, he was kept so busy between his studies and his girl Amy, that he had not, by the evening of the party, had a chance to clean up the patio; and he was fretful as Mrs. Springer set the table in the dining room. Mrs. Springer tried to soothe him, assuring him that he would see, it would be a lovely party in spite of the heat.

But it was apparent almost from the start of the evening that it was not going to be a lovely party at all, no matter what efforts Mrs. Springer might make. For one thing, Hannah had insisted upon cooking the dinner this time because, as she said, she wanted Bob to know she could "do something more than pound a typewriter." The preparations rushed her in her toilette, so that she was exasperated and perspiring, and did not look her best. The meal was unpalatable; but to make matters worse, Hannah called attention several times to the fact that she had cooked it, as though she expected to be congratulated on her achievement. Besides this handicap, Bob and Constance, who had provided much of the hilarity at the other party, on this evening did not exchange more than a few words. As a matter of fact, they scarcely looked at one another; and Mrs. Springer wondered if there had been a disagreement of some sort on one of the double dates. Mrs. Springer tried to get them together by bringing up the subject of jazz; but all that resulted were some remarks from Constance's beau about Spike Jones, followed by a short monologue on the 1950 Chevrolet.

John and Amy, admittedly, talked a great deal; but their talk was not of a kind that the others could enter into, nor enjoy listening to. They leaned eagerly toward one another across the table, pouring out a torrent of language that centered about such exotic terms as "existentialism,"

"the metaphysical school," "the romantic revival," "neo-classicism," "the cult of satanism." Hannah tried to speak above their voices, interrupting herself to glare at them furiously; but John and Amy were oblivious to everything. They left shortly after dinner to attend a lecture on one of the "isms" that had been under fire at the table. Although everyone had been annoyed by the sound of their voices, their departure left behind them a series of dreary silences that were worse; and the party broke up before ten o'clock.

Hannah got into the habit of saying, in the weeks that followed, that it was this horrible party that first alienated Bob. She was particularly bitter with Mrs. Springer because, although her mother had not precisely suggested the party, it was her never-ending admiration of "family gatherings" and her descriptions of those she had known "when she was a girl" that had instigated Hannah to it. Mrs. Springer was positive she had not mentioned these parties of her youth since Hannah was fourteen years old, but she was so sorry for Hannah that she hadn't the heart to contradict her. As the weather grew hotter, and Bob's proposal did not materialize by the date in August she had expected it, Hannah grew increasingly irritable. It was not only Bob's failure to propose that was depressing, but she did not see him as regularly as heretofore. The heat affected his health; he was often too ill to leave his room, and he refused Hannah's offers to come over and take care of him on the ground that this would be compromising to her. When he went out of town on business, he no longer sent her the amusing postcards that had marked their earlier separations. Hannah said, moreover, she didn't believe he was out of town every time he said he was; but she did not dare to check up on him, for fear her suspicions would be confirmed.

But if Hannah's personal affairs were going badly, at least John's were not. John seemed to have found the girl of his dreams; and to all appearances, Amy was as fond of him as he was of her. They were constantly together; when studies prevented their seeing one another, they had long and earnest telephone conversations about the future of Soviet literature and the decline of the American theatre. And it was partly through Amy's perceptive analysis of him, and her tender encouragement, that John had at last isolated the only endeavor worthy of his life's energies: the study of belles-lettres. In a world, John said, that was hell-bent on sacrificing everything to the worship of science and the exaltation

of mechanical progress, it was his duty to help do what could be done to preserve the little remaining veneration for works of the human spirit and imagination. Doctors of the body, John said, would continue to arise in numbers; but doctors of the soul, they were growing ever more rare.

Mrs. Springer was distracted from her joy in John's happiness by her concern over Hannah's misery. She knew that this was wrong of her, ungrateful. It should be enough that one of the three children was happy. Constance, of course, never complained; but Mrs. Springer was anxious about her, too. Constance was far more active than a girl of such delicate health should be; Mrs. Springer had been unsuccessful in her efforts to make Constance get enough rest since her divorce, when Constance considered all parental authority was ended. Now Constance was exhausting herself more than ever before with endless social engagements, returning from dates sometimes as late as four in the morning. The strain was beginning to tell; Constance looked positively ill. She was thin as a wraith; her dark eyes were ringed, enormous in her wasted face, the lids purple with fatigue.

Constance's appearance frightened Mrs. Springer, as did the nervousness which had come to characterize all the girl's movements. Sometimes Constance's hand shook so that she could not hold a cigarette. As these signs grew daily more pronounced, Mrs. Springer could no longer pretend to herself that they sprang from mere overexertion. Something was eating away at Constance inside, some trouble.

And, because Mrs. Springer was convinced now that Constance's physical decline sprang from some deep and painful source, the hardest thing of all to bear was her silence. If only Constance would allow Mrs. Springer to help her! Perhaps there was no way her mother could solve Constance's problems, but at least she might comfort her. Mrs. Springer knew, possibly she knew this better than any other single fact of human experience, the anguish of having no one to confide in, no one to turn to for sympathy. She longed to offer Constance her sympathy, her love, but Constance's remoteness, not only now, but over the years, forbade it.

With Hannah, it was different. Hannah was very frank in pouring into her mother's ears all her anger, suspicion, frustration. Yet Mrs. Springer did not believe that she was of any more service to Hannah than she was to Constance; because Hannah gained no calm or relief from

talking to her mother, but only became more enraged and embittered. If Mrs. Springer dared to offer Hannah a word of encouragement or affection on these occasions, Hannah would laugh in her face, her eyes blazing with what appeared very like hatred, and say:

"I don't want your advice. What in the world would you know about it? Haven't you done me enough damage already?"

She would leave Mrs. Springer frantic in her renewed efforts to tear from her brain the secret of what fearful damage she must once have done Hannah. But the multitude of her past mistakes was so overwhelming that she could not distinguish from among them the particular, most pernicious mistake, in order to make amends for it.

As Hannah became more articulate, Constance grew more mute; and, further, Constance absented herself from the house for whole days, without so much as saying goodbye, or leaving word where she might be reached. At last Mrs. Springer resolved that, since Constance would not speak to her, she must speak to Constance. Surely it could do no harm. If Constance should refuse to respond, still, neither of them should have lost anything.

It had been so long since Mrs. Springer and Constance had exchanged any words of a personal nature, that Mrs. Springer required a little time to gather the courage to break through that wall of reserve not of her building. She planned the whole thing very carefully. Almost the only time she would be able to get Constance alone was early in the morning, when she returned from one of her dates. That was really all to the good, since darkness would cover the embarrassment they should both be feeling. In the days before the encounter, Mrs. Springer began to think that she should have planned this long ago. Probably Constance was only waiting for her mother to make the first sign; she might be shy, or ashamed, or uncertain of her mother's full readiness to accept without censure whatever burden Constance let fall from her lips.

Mrs. Springer had no difficulty in staying awake until Constance got home; she seldom rested well until her children were safely within doors under any circumstances. When she heard the murmur of voices on the front porch, she rose from her bed and made her way to the living room. There was a tiny blue night-light burning in the wall; Mrs. Springer sat down on the sofa beneath it and waited until Constance had closed the door behind her. "Constance?" she said.

Constance was not startled, as Mrs. Springer had feared she might be. Her voice was calm, almost as though she had long been expecting her mother's voice to come to her through the darkness. "Yes?" Constance said.

"Constance," Mrs. Springer began firmly, using the words she had rehearsed, "I feel that you are troubled, and I wish I could help you. Dearest Constance, please help me by telling me what I can do to help you."

Constance moved over to the sofa, just as Mrs. Springer had dreamed she might. Mrs. Springer could see her face clearly in the blue light. Constance could see Mrs. Springer too; her dark eyes looked straight down into Mrs. Springer's own. The eyes of Constance were as flat and passionless as the eyes of the goldfish in the pond.

"I tell you what you can do," Constance said. "You can mind your own God-damned business."

Constance turned away out of the light and left the room; but Mrs. Springer did not follow her. Mrs. Springer remained upright on the sofa until the sun rose. Then she went into her bedroom to get dressed for the day.

Constance slept late that morning and went out immediately after dressing; Mrs. Springer did not see her again until five o'clock. She caught only a glimpse of her then, as Constance had a dinner date. In the days that followed, Constance's brief time at home was spent chiefly in bed, or in the shower, so that it was not necessary for Mrs. Springer to meet her eyes.

It was just about this time—perhaps the very same week, she was not sure—that Mrs. Springer first realized that little Bud was ill. The pains in Mrs. Springer's arms and legs and back were so aggravated recently that she did not get much sleep. Lying in bed at night, with her eyes open, she pondered over little Bud. He had marked the house in other places besides the kitchen; she found proofs of his activity in the torn wallpaper around the bathtub, in the pencil marks dug into the telephone shelf, in the pine knots carefully pushed through in the linen-closet door. Since Bud was not a destructive child by nature, there had to be another explanation for this misbehavior. Mrs. Springer had not far to go in arriving at the explanation: Bud's confinement in the house had tried him beyond all patience a five-year-old could maintain. Yet

Mrs. Springer was so familiar with Mr. Levine's kindness, that she knew Bud's confinement could be for no other reason than Bud's own good. Bud was a sickly child, and the dampness of the climate made it essential that he be restricted often to the house.

Bud's illness was a respiratory one; he had great difficulty in breathing at night. Sometimes the constriction in his chest and throat and nose was so intense that his breathing could be heard all over the house. Mrs. Springer knew just how it sounded.

About two weeks after she had spoken to Constance, Mrs. Springer suddenly awakened in the middle of the night from an unexpected nap. She raised herself on her elbow, listening. The breathing was louder than she had ever heard it before, and it came from the rear part of the house.

Mrs. Springer knew that she could no longer lie in bed and allow the child to suffer that way. She would find some way to ease his pain. She would rub some Vick's Vapo-rub on his chest, make him swallow an aspirin, give him a cup of hot tea with honey and lemon in it. She put on her slippers and her robe and hurried from the room. The child was beginning to cry now.

"I'm coming, darling," Mrs. Springer whispered, "I'm coming this minute."

Now she bent over his bed. His hair was matted with feathers from the pillow, and his nose was running; yet even in his disarray, his beauty made her catch her breath.

"Bud, darling," Mrs. Springer said, "don't worry, Bud. I'm here!"

The sound of her own voice reached Mrs. Springer's ears. Her hands went to her mouth in horror. She rose trembling from her knees and tried to focus her eyes upon the scene about her.

Moonlight flooded the empty patio.

III

Now the pain was unflagging, rising to unprecedented peaks, dropping back to its former level for an hour or two, so that the next ascent could have a fresh effectiveness. The excesses of Mrs. Springer's affliction forced her to lose all caution: she told Hannah she must see a doctor. Hannah said, well, she would ask if anyone at the insurance office could recommend a physician who was reasonable in his fees.

"I want," Mrs. Springer said, "the Levines' doctor. I know I can trust him."

"Who on earth are the Levines?"

"This is their house."

"Oh, the Levines. Well, I'm sure I don't know who the Levines' doctor was, or even if they had one. What an absurd idea," Hannah said.

"They had one," Mrs. Springer said; and although she knew she should not do it, she hunted through the old papers and telephone-books that had never been removed from the garage for a hint of who the Levines' doctor might be.

She wanted to get in touch with the Levines' doctor, not only for her own sake, but because she thought it was time he turned Bud over to a good specialist. The family doctor had done all he could for Bud, and Bud was no closer to recovery. Mrs. Springer did not know where the money for Bud's specialist was going to come from, any more than she knew where Hannah would find the money for her mother's medical needs. Mr. Levine could not seem to hold any of the jobs that paid well; and with John's government checks no longer coming in, the Springers were not any better off than the Levines.

Sometimes it was very confusing to Mrs. Springer that so many separate events should be going on at one time under one roof. No sooner had she turned, it seemed, from contemplation of a problem of Bud's, or Debby's, than she was perplexed by a problem of John's, or Hannah's.

At other times Mrs. Springer recognized her confusion as an error in time. The particular misfortunes of the Levines that were absorbing her now had actually happened a year ago, before they moved back to New York. It was only the startling clarity of Mrs. Springer's perceptions of those misfortunes that gave to them the vitality of present events. Indeed, so graphic was the struggle of the Levines, that Mrs. Springer was not altogether certain that her error about time wasn't the other way around, and that it would turn out after all that the struggles of John and Hannah were what was past.

Past or present, John Springer quit attending USC. His zeal for belles-lettres withered away when Amy, a girl he had sincerely believed in as the epitome of high culture, became involved with some man who owned a lot of cattle in Texas. John said that it was good riddance, and he hoped she'd settle down in a huge, vulgar mansion to raise a gang of

bourgeois brats whose only ambition would be to own the biggest television screen in the country.

With the disappearance of Amy and belles-lettres, nothing that could be called a new inspiration came to replace the discarded ones. John dropped out of school in order "to think things over," but his thoughts sparked no impulse to action. Most of his time was spent on the patio, where he sat unoccupied in the sunshine, motionless as the broken furniture. His eyes died in his face, like dead eyes Mrs. Springer had seen once before, she could not remember where. Mrs. Springer shuddered at the sight of them, and did not dare either to question or to comfort John. When Hannah nagged him about going to work, he laughed and said,

"Yes, what more would you have me do for the sake of this nest of singing birds? Pick citrus fruit? Teach the rhumba to fat ladies at Arthur Murray's? Car-hop in epaulettes at a Dolores's?"

Mr. Levine, on the other hand, wanted to work but was let out of one position after another. Mr. Levine knew the reason. The migration of such large numbers of Jews to Los Angeles since the war was causing recurrent waves of vigorous anti-Semitism. Even employers who had no prejudices were forced, because of public censure, into discriminatory practices. Mr. Levine knew of businessmen, themselves Jews, who would not hire a Semitic-looking person.

Debby found the same attitude widespread at her high school. Among her fellow-students in the graduating class there was continual muttering that the reason it was so hard to get into UCLA and USC was because of all the Jewish students who were pushing in. They had a better chance, it was said, because they were "greasy grinds" who, unable to compete in athletics, spent all their time studying. This made Debby self-conscious at the same time that she burned at the untruthfulness of the charge. For Debby herself studied a great deal; but this very characteristic had made her as fully misunderstood and unpopular with the Jewish students as with the non-Jews.

It was probably Debby's resentment, and the considerations for her future and little Bud's, that brought on the decision to move back to New York. Mrs. Springer heard very distinctly the argument Debby made that finally drove Mr. Levine to prepare for the move.

"I'm tired of being a scapegoat," Debby protested to her father. "I'm

sick to death of it and sick to death of this place. Please, let's go back to New York, Dad."

"But, Debby," her father said, "what's the use? There's anti-Semitism in New York, too. You know that as well as I do."

"Yes," Debby said, "I know that. But at least it happens in a familiar environment. At least the ugliness comes in an environment where no one's led to expect anything else. At least it comes undisguised, not coated over with this hideous pretense of sunshine and health, orange juice and swimming-pools-for-all."

"No, darling," Mr. Levine said, "it's only an illusion you have that New York is better than Los Angeles, because you're not *in* New York." But his face was set in lines of weariness; and Mrs. Springer could see that he was weakening, that he, too, was almost believing that New York City, where he'd had a good, steady income, was better than Los Angeles. She longed to hear him say something that would convince Debby that the Levines must stay right where they were, in this house.

"No, no," she wanted to say to Debby, "don't run away, please don't. What about me? Have you forgotten about me?"

But she could not speak to Debby that day; for just as she opened her mouth to whisper, "Debby," that odd girl who roomed with Hannah passed through the hall. Mrs. Springer avoided looking at the girl; but she knew the girl looked at her and read the whisper on her lips, for she heard the creature give a short, contemptuous laugh.

She did not forgive the girl that laughter, for it destroyed her very last opportunity to speak to Debby. It was shortly after this conversation between Debby and her father that Mrs. Springer knew the Levines were gone. A peculiar silence settled over the house, in spite of the fact that John, and Hannah, and Hannah's roommate continued to pass through the rooms, play the radio, run water into the tub. The silence was more real than the sounds. Mrs. Springer listened with all her might, but no longer could she hear Bud's breathing in the night, nor the whirr of Mr. Levine's lawnmower, nor Debby's hesitating voice as she read aloud, "Pendant le demi-siecle . . ." There was no doubt of it: they were gone.

And although the departure of the Levines was foreknown; although she had, in fact, lived through it many times already—whether in imagination, or in recollection, or in actual experience, was of no account—

this time there was a difference. This time there was no sense of expectation in the silence, but a sense, instead, of final things accomplished.

"This time," Mrs. Springer thought, "they will not come back."

At this, the pain of her loss filled her so completely that it left no room for the consciousness of physical pain. Or, Mrs. Springer thought, the physical pain, being the weaker, had been absorbed into the pain of her loss, so that there was no longer any distinction between the two.

Because the pain drew so much of her attention to what was going on inside her, Mrs. Springer was sometimes able to forget her fear of what was going on about her. Nevertheless, the other occupants of the house, when they passed by her, had begun to inspire in her an unmistakable feeling of dread. They did not speak to her, nor make any attempt to molest her, but Mrs. Springer thought: "They are biding their time."

She became adept at a trick of blurring her vision so that she could not see them clearly. Every once in a while a detail broke through: Hannah's roommate, although she continued to look ill, was much fatter; Hannah herself was thinner; John had grown a beard.

Most of all, she wished to concentrate upon her inner silence. The silence grieved her, but it was precious because it was all she had left of the Levines. She lived in continual apprehension that some tumult of shattering proportions might force her from the silence of the Levines into the events of the world about her.

Perhaps it was her fear of just such a tumult, and her failure to make any preparations for it, that brought it on. For a number of days, maybe a week, Mrs. Springer's ears had been delightfully numb, when one night the quarrel between Hannah and Hannah's roommate began.

It was early, and Mrs. Springer was lying fully dressed on her bed when the angry voices broke through her abstraction. She tried to re-seal her ears, but she could not; and so, while she listened, she gripped the mattress to prevent herself from leaving her bed. It was bad enough to hear them, but it would be worse should she be drawn into the same room with them.

"You streetwalker!" Hannah cried. "You common streetwalker! Sneaking around with him behind my back like the cat you are!"

The roommate's voice was lower, weighted with the same contempt

that was always in her laugh. "There's no reason I shouldn't see him as much as I like," she said. "After all, it's his child."

"You planned it," Hannah said. "You planned the whole thing to take him away from me!"

"Take him away from you?" the roommate said. "That's a good one! Nobody had to take him away from you. You never had him." She laughed her chilling laugh. "You never had anybody, Hannah, and you never will."

"I ought to kill you," Hannah said. "I'd like to kill you."

Mrs. Springer leaped from bed and ran down the hall. Blinded by light, she leaned against the living-room door. Then her sight cleared; and she saw that it was Hannah who was seated, her head in her hands, while the roommate stood over her. The roommate's paper-pale face was set in a ghastly smile. She turned upon Mrs. Springer her dark, dead eyes; and Mrs. Springer, unable in her panic to avoid their gaze, knew for that moment whose eyes they were. She began to cry.

Hannah raised her head. "Oh, it's you, is it?" She stared at Mrs. Springer, and her face darkened with hatred. "Yes," she said, "cry! You ought to cry. You encouraged her. You taught her those sneaky tricks, with your pampering." She rose unsteadily from the sofa. "Cry! I wish you'd cry yourself into your grave! I wish —"

But Mrs. Springer heard no more, for she had turned and fled back along the hall to her room. She locked the door and shoved a chair against it. Trembling, she waited for them to come for her.

There were no footsteps in the hall; the voices went on in the living room. Mrs. Springer tried to hear what they were saying over the loud pounding in her ears. Perhaps they were planning to come in through the window. She ran over to the window, pulled it down, and locked it. Then she returned to the door to listen.

They had apparently decided to let her alone for the time being, for they returned to their quarrel. Mrs. Springer heard Hannah say, triumphantly, "Didn't work, did it, Constance? He won't marry you, either, will he?" and the girl's reply: "I should have known anyone who'd have anything to do with you would be a bastard all the way through."

After a while, John's voice joined the others. He shouted at them that he was going to call the police. The roommate laughed her contemptuous laugh. ". . . picture of manhood!" she said.

". . . perfect companion," John's voice came back. ". . . hot young whore . . . dried-up, sex-starved hag!"

There was a choking sound; then Hannah spoke, but in a voice so lowered with viciousness that it came through to Mrs. Springer only as a long hiss.

But John had heard what she said; and his responding fury seemed to rock the house on its foundations. "Yes," John thundered. "Yes, God damn it, and I hope you're all satisfied, you bitches! Whose bloody fault is it? Who thought it was such a God-damned good idea? Who dragged me out here to ruin my life? Who forced me to give up everything for this dead end?"

Now the three voices mingled violently. There were broken cries, and curses, and once, briefly, the sound of hysterical sobbing. Then a voice, Mrs. Springer could no longer tell whose, screamed shrilly:

"She's the one! With her fake sickness! For the sake of a cracked old woman! She's the one!"

SHE'S THE ONE! SHE'S THE ONE! SHE'S THE ONE!

They were coming for her.

They were coming for her; but Mrs. Springer had no time to think about that now. Up to this moment, all her faculties had been strained to the point of their coming; but now their coming had lost its power to terrify. Now she could not heed their coming because, as she stood there, a sound far more significant than the roar of their voices or the thud of their feet came to freeze her heart to its core.

For over the roar of their voices and over the thud of their feet she had heard, quite distinctly, the most terrifying sound in the world. Over the roar of their voices and thud of their feet she heard, unmistakably clear, the ear-splitting splash that came from the patio.

There was not a moment to lose. Mrs. Springer jerked open the top drawer of her dresser and pulled out the purse in which she kept her cash. She grabbed her coat and hat from the closet and ran to the window. Unlocking it, she slipped through and dropped to the ground.

She did not look at the pond as she sped past it and down the driveway. She knew without looking that the goldfish were clustered about their long-awaited prey, their flesh swelling, swelling. She knew, without staying to look, that when it was gone, they would at last turn to devour one another.

At the corner of Melrose and La Cienega she hailed a taxi. It was a long drive; and on the way she had a chance to straighten her hair, to put on her coat and hat. She was already quite calm when she paid the driver at the entrance to the station.

There was no difficulty in obtaining a coach ticket for the midnight train. She found the correct window immediately, and the ticket-seller understood just what she wanted. Since she had an hour before the train pulled out, she washed up and then bought a few things she needed at the station drugstore.

The train was fairly crowded, but a pleasant-looking woman moved a package to make room for her. The woman said her name was Mrs. Hanson, and that she was going to New York City. "Are you going to New York too?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. I've been away far too long as it is, but there were some affairs I had to take care of in Los Angeles." As she spoke, she realized that she could not remember exactly what these affairs had been; but it did not seem to matter very much.

The porter turned out the lights in the car, and people began to push back the reclining chairs. They spoke in lower tones. Mrs. Hanson was very friendly, and an excellent conversationalist. She talked energetically about her impressions of Los Angeles, about her family in New York, about the probability of the train arriving on schedule.

At last Mrs. Hanson said she thought they'd better get some rest while they could; and she plumped up the pillow she had rented from the porter. "By the way," Mrs. Hanson said, "as long as we're going to be together for a while, I just might want to know what to call you. You haven't told me your name."

Mrs. Hanson's companion smiled her apology. "Oh, I'm terribly sorry," she said. "How rude of me! It's Levine—Mrs. Levine."

Then she settled her head against the towel-covered back of the chair; and in no time at all, she was asleep.

Workers' Education for What?

By KERMIT EBY

LABOR HAS COME OF AGE. It is high time that in assuming its position of leadership it acquires a corresponding responsibility toward the mass of workers as well as toward other segments of the population. In our integrated society labor cannot divorce its interests from management, from agriculture or even from science. Hence, the purpose of a worker's education program should be to train the individual worker and potential leader not only how to function in a labor-management situation, but also how to be effective in the community and the society in which he lives.

In the early days, it was natural for labor to focus all attention and effort on organization, the solution of internal problems, the fight for recognition at the bargaining table, and the improvement of working conditions and of the wage scale. These objectives are still important, but since labor has taken on the mantle of social, political and economic leadership, it must provide workers with information and explanations of problems affecting the entire national life.

Millions of workers see no relationship between labor and agriculture, yet labor leaders support the Brannan Farm Program. As a matter of fact, many industrial workers, eager for a lowering of food prices do not understand that their own jobs depend on a stable and high level farm income. They do not realize that farmers spend their money for manufactured goods, and that when the farmer's income is cut and he stops spending, production lines in the factories slow down and the "NO HELP WANTED" signs go up.

It was along these broad, inclusive lines that I tried to move as a labor educational leader. In two positions—from 1942 to 1948 as a leader responsible for education in the CIO, and earlier as Executive Secretary

---

KERMIT EBY has had long experience in both labor and education. He was Assistant Director of Education and Research for the CIO, 1943-45, and Director, 1945-48. Since 1948 he has been Associate Professor of the Social Sciences at the University of Chicago.

of the Chicago Teacher's Union—my chief interest was education, my secondary interest the relation of labor to the community.

During the six-year period of my affiliation with the CIO, we developed many innovations in educational techniques and materials and produced a great many pamphlets, charts and releases. Some of these pamphlets were so strikingly illustrated and simply written that they drew favorable comment from anti-labor Senators who decried their effectiveness. Convinced of the necessity of even greater simplification, we wrote and illustrated "comic strips" telling labor's story. Posters in turn improved on the illustration of the "strips." Later we developed strip films, trailers and other advanced visual aids. How many pamphlets we mailed, how many were read, what the total effect of their circulation was on the attitudes of our members, no one knows. Nor has the impact of the movies been measured. We can only guess, and guesses are often influenced by the prejudices of the guesser.

Frankly, it is my opinion that their long range and abiding influence was *much less* than we had hoped. I think we did a good *veneer* job, polished the surface of the mind, but did little to penetrate its inner retreats. Men whose minds were convinced of the desirability of unionism, of CIO's anti-discrimination policy, were strengthened in their convictions, and fortified with argument. Those who disagreed seldom had their minds changed. I do not wish to underestimate the value of the written word, but I am convinced that education through face-to-face contact and discussion is unquestionably the most effective method of getting the story across. A variety of programs including workers' schools and institutes have been in operation under union or university auspices but they are comparatively few in number and cannot do the job because of financial limitations and because of the lack of understanding of what should be done on the part of labor leaders themselves.

Union officers are pragmatists. They come up through the rough and tumble of union politics; and in this rough and tumble, education is a by-product of the struggle. Grass-roots unionists maintain that there is nothing as educational as a strike, nothing as enduring as the lessons learned on the picket line. Life for them is the education; struggle the sharpener of understanding.

Naturally, feeling as they do, they hold in suspended judgment the intellectual who has not experienced the same struggle. They appreciate

his efforts as director of research, dealing with wage-price-profit relationships. This kind of work is the foundation for Congressional testimony and gives power at the bargaining table where it means money in the pocket, but his work as director of a well-conducted summer school is less appreciated because the results are less tangible. In one case they are immediate, in the other long-term. Many times, when I pleaded for money for education I was asked, "Will your program bring in new members?" I replied that I could not be sure but it would most certainly strengthen those who had already joined CIO and better their understanding. But money went into organization instead of education because new members bring in dues, and dues mean economic strength out of which to finance greater organizing drives. Before many union leaders will spend really large sums for education they will have to be convinced that education means union security and is as important to union survival as increased membership and higher dues.

There is another less complimentary factor influencing the attitudes of some labor leaders toward education. This is the fear that education may make their members ambitious, and possibly even desirous of becoming rivals for their own union jobs. Why, they ask subconsciously, spend money on people who may unseat us? This attitude toward potential rivals for leadership, plus a real fear of independent minds, has its serious effect on union personnel policy. Men anxious to stay in office strengthen their position by surrounding themselves with loyal followers or by giving jobs to henchmen who have been the victims of political turnovers in other unions. Time and again I've seen extra men placed on a payroll because they had been "loyal," when ostensibly there was no money for an educational staff or trained research men.

Educators and researchers have no political power. Because they have no base in the rank and file, they are of little use in the political struggles within the union. They also come under the classification of "fixed and continuous" expenditures. Consequently, it is next to impossible to expand an educational staff, although three, four, or even ten times the yearly salary of a good man may be spent financing "loyal" supporters or even on one printing bill, particularly if the publication carries the names of the officers in charge of the union.

From the days of the first unions in America, enlightened leaders in their ranks have pleaded for an informed rank and file. The first

workers' school was started at Bryn Mawr College in 1922 and opened to about a hundred women workers. Since then the movement has grown, but slowly because of lack of funds. Last summer there were about seventy-five CIO institutes attended by about 10,000 men and women union members. The AFL sponsored a somewhat smaller number of institutes. All follow a pattern. They usually last from three to ten days and are located at a church, YMCA camp or on a college or university campus. Union members live at the institute. Most common are courses which include public speaking, how to read and negotiate a union contract, how to serve as a shop steward, and increasingly specialized work in history and economics.

There is a constant temptation on the part of directors of workers' education to emphasize the pragmatic and immediate in their program. They usually follow the same pattern as their co-workers on the top level of the union organization. Directors of organization stress campaigns completed and members gained; secretary-treasurers feel happy if their reports show paid-up per capita and increasing surpluses; and public relations men end their year by enumerating the number of meetings held, speeches made, and releases circulated. So it is not unexpected if our education directors develop quantitative-minded attitudes. The "pragmatic" approach is safe. Time and motion men, good shop stewards, and factory leaders able to negotiate and renew contracts are less inclined to question the union bureaucracy and more likely to strengthen its institutional pattern than individuals who have been trained in political theory and historical analysis. The former are certainly much less inclined to bother their heads with such troublesome things as ideologies, third parties, and reflections on the relation between a capitalist economy and their long-range economic security.

It seems to me that such a practical approach to union education will in the long run be labor's undoing. Instead of emphasizing, for example, the use of political action—that is, doorbell ringing and nose counting—we should place at least equal emphasis on the political theories which undergird our democratic heritage, for it is on these theories that the building rests. Specifically, the men and women in labor's ranks should understand for what purpose and to what ends their activities are directed.

The fight against Communism in present-day America has lumped the "McCarthy" critics of the totalitarian right in the same camp with

the more reasoned critics of the totalitarian left. Michigan, you will recall, had Father Coughlin as well as the Communists. Conditioned by the situation in which they find themselves, workers may not be prepared to make distinctions between these critics and criticisms. Therefore, it is not enough to ask workers to ring doorbells for the political incumbents without assuring them that those in power offer the best possible choices. Even then, it seems to me, organized labor must make it constantly clear that it is not merely the handmaiden of those who wield political power. Specifically, I believe that we have come to the time when every union should begin to devote particular attention to education for choice-making, and when members should be taught what the various political and economic ideologies offer them. What, it should be asked, do communism, socialism, and democratic capitalism purport to offer and actually offer workers throughout the world? It goes without saying that comparative and controversial theories ought to be taught by intellectually honest teachers enjoying the fullest degree of academic freedom and the students permitted to arrive at their own value judgments. Union educators, supported by their political superiors, must trust the ability of the average American to arrive at honest and independent decisions.

In a word, I am pleading for academic freedom in the labor movement because I believe that mere denunciation of an ideology is not enough, and that for a large group of union workers analysis is confused with partisanship and denunciation is substituted for education. Consequently, the educator has developed in the mind of many a rank and filer—and I have met more in the last year than I did as Research and Education Director of the CIO—that a Communist is *ipso facto* anyone who disagrees with the policies of the incumbent power group. As a result, labor educators—often against their will—are using the educational device common to all totalitarian minds, meeting an idea by name-calling and the attack on personality. Such a negative emphasis in education frightens me. It is as dangerous as the Communist ideology which precipitated it and can only be overcome by accepting the fact that the average American is so conditioned by press, radio, television, movies that he lacks a knowledge of the political theories on which our free institutions rest. However, I believe he is not so unintelligent that, if provided with the proper knowledge on which to base judgments by informed and unprejudiced teachers, he can not arrive at sane decisions.

Perhaps the labor movement can only begin such an educational program when it gets over its inferiority complex. When I was in the movement, I never quite understood why we could not admit error or be tolerant of criticism. Now, as a friendly observer I understand such a position even less. Sixteen million organized workers surely are not so weak that they should continue to refuse to discuss the role of pressure groups in our society, the relation of pressure groups to government, and more fundamentally, the ability of labor as an organized group to place the interest of the total community above its own. Such historical criticism might be precipitated by honest and frank discussion of the personality and power relations existing in unions, the impact upon union democracy of a self-perpetuating machine, the effect on the same democracy of the tactics the machine uses to maintain its privilege and power. Yes, we might even spend some time discussing factionalism in unions, the need for a two-party system, rotation in office, and limitations of salaries and personnel practices by unions in their positions as employers.

Again, I realize the discussion of such issues is fraught with danger for those in labor's ranks rash enough to bring them up. However, we can never create an intellectual atmosphere in which any controversial issue can be discussed until our discussions begin with the questions which are latent in the minds of our students. If we would develop honesty in others we must first be honest with ourselves. Finally, it seems to me, labor educators might approach this historical criticism through the development of much more detailed and inclusive courses in labor history. We must examine the past in order to understand the present. We must develop a responsibility for the present through an appreciation of the contributions made by pioneers in the labor movement. Many times when I talk to ministers they tell me that union men in their congregation seldom make themselves known as members of organized labor. I wonder if this is so because they fail to understand what labor contributes to welfare and education. If they really understood, would they not be proud of the movement of which they are a part?

This is a challenge to those who work in the field of workers' education. They must face up to the nature of the world in which they live. What is happening in China has its impact on every American worker. People are making choices and these choices have world impact; and while I admit their choices are more often conditioned by the pressure

of events, I am not a determinist. I believe we can give direction to events; we can help our worker students understand the possible choices which are theirs and the relation of these choices to world ideologies which are competing for their loyalties. If we do so, we shall be demonstrating to our students that we ourselves are not afraid of freedom. Directors of workers' education have a real opportunity and can by precept and example demonstrate the truth that freedom is never the loser when there is competition of ideas which are free, unfettered, and unprejudiced.

But where will the teachers who are to do this task come from? Obviously, it is too much to expect either that the tools of left-wing unions will give up their fundamentalism or that the protégés of union politicos will exhibit intellectual independence. Frankly, the reply to the question is not an easy one. It does seem to me, however, that leaders in the universities, colleges and other educational institutions must contribute to the intellectual development of unions. Here we can learn from the British. We should also encourage more young people with a background in education and a democratic philosophy actually to get jobs in unions and to earn their leadership through direct contact with workers. Finally, there must be developed in America the means through which intelligent young leaders can receive aid in broadening their own outlook.

Developing a sound workers' educational program, however, takes time—the time of the student and the time of the teacher. To be effective, class units must be small, and in workers' education as in any other kind of education, small teaching units and well-trained teachers increase the cost; particularly since many workers cannot go to school unless they are compensated for loss of time. Before expenditures of larger amounts will be made by union leaders they must be convinced that such projects are of importance to the union. In some unions the officers are convinced; in others they are lukewarm, or even hostile. However, even if all union leaders favored a maximum expenditure for educational purposes, union treasuries are not capable of bearing the burden. Consequently, the education of workers like the education of farmers should be a matter of public concern. For many years the government has realized its obligations toward increasing the efficiency of farmers and has worked toward this end through the Agricultural Extension Service. The nonagricultural segment of the population has no objection to the expenditure of funds for farmers' education.

Similarly, no opposition to the expenditure of public funds for workers' education has been manifest. Most people are either lackadaisical or not even aware of the need for a workers' education program to help eliminate friction in labor-management relations. Fortunately, far-sighted legislators and union leaders are working for a government-sponsored labor extension service. Those familiar with the complexities of labor laws, industrial relations, and with the ever increasing responsibilities of labor representatives on community committees and boards are aware of the urgent need for basic education and information relating to problems facing the worker in his shop, community and nation. A bill was introduced in the 80th Congress and again in the 81st Congress. It has already passed the Senate Education and Labor Committee and is awaiting action by the House of Representatives. This legislation has bi-partisan support and the backing of the CIO, AFL and the railway brotherhoods.

The bills, S. 110 and H.R. 875 and 1511 provide for a labor extension service division in the federal Department of Labor. Federal funds and aid would flow to universities and colleges in all states for the development of labor education services for American workers. These services would include extension classes and conferences, research, moving pictures and library services, and on-campus short courses and institutes. Labor participation as a partner in this program would be established through: (1) a National Labor Extension Council, half of whose members come from organized labor, to advise the Secretary of Labor and the Director on general policies; (2) state labor extension boards, half of whose members also come from labor unions within the state; and (3) the requirement that services be given only as workers request them.

In discussing these bills I have found that those who endorse them are motivated by the highest ideals. Their concern is to strengthen our democracy by strengthening the people. Jefferson recognized this tie between an educated populace and good government when he said: "Every government degenerates when trusted to the rulers of the people alone. The people themselves therefore are its only safe depositories. And, to render even them safe, their minds must be improved. . . ." Today we are moving into a new period of history, into a period when labor is the base from which political and economic action springs. I believe this development inevitable and covet for the millions who must make the coming decisions all the understanding a sound education can give.

A STORY

The Only Thing to Do

By NOLAN MILLER

THE VAN HORNS came home from Europe the middle of June, and at once Mary Catherine made her fuss about having Mable back. Mary Catherine said she preferred doing all the housework herself, even washing walls, though she did give in to Papa about that and let him send down Fred Tooker from the bank. As for Mabel Macauley—well, it just didn't seem right a woman her age— Oh, she didn't have anything against Mabel, personally. It was just that now she didn't seem to be able to stand having around anybody *colored*.

The summer was hot, the usual Coltersville heat, frying out your brains. Every lively memory of their two months abroad, the surprise of foreign faces and cities, simmered away. Mary Catherine just didn't want to give herself an idle moment, haunted by shapeless, hooded thoughts. Above all, she wanted to rid herself of a shaky, somehow guilty feeling about Woody Macauley, Mabel's boy. She wanted to forget everything about a certain day in Paris.

She felt easier—easier in her mind—keeping busy. One room at a time, she smartened up the house, painted Mama's bedroom a cream and rose, scrubbed the porch furniture, cleaned up the garage, varnished the hall floors. Paint always made her head buzz. Eyes stinging, she had to lie down for an hour every day after lunch. She'd just have to get used to being on the jump all the livelong day. Oh, the windows to do, the curtains! Thirty-nine pairs, finally, ironed or stretched, all those ruffles!

In September she slowed down a bit. For one thing, she had to read up in her diary. She'd promised to make that talk to the English club, give the highlights of the trip. Most wanted was something special about Shakespeare.

No wonder she was panicky. England looked to her like less than three watery pages, stuff she'd scribbled about the funny bathrooms, the

---

Short story writer and novelist, NOLAN MILLER is writer in residence at Antioch College.

rain all the time, the overcooked food. What a comedown England was! After the wallow of luxury on the Queen Mary. . . .

But what she'd written in more detail of their month in Holland with Papa's folks was equally useless. There the family was, living in those glass and tile modern houses in Hilversum and Leyden. Uncle Max—he was the one so well off—he owned the margarine concern. And her cousin, Gus, studied medicine at the University but never seemed to have to attend classes. The day Gus had taken her to Amsterdam—they'd spent most of the time in a cocktail place called the Lido. And Gus hadn't believed her when she'd had to swear so earnestly that certainly not, she could not teach him how to tap dance!

Of course, most of all, the big day of the trip had been at the U.S. Military Cemetery in Luxembourg. There Peter, poor Peter, was buried. All the information about that was written, clearly, what the honor-guide had said—a polite boy from Chicago—the number of graves, and how exactly General Patton's grave looked like the others. Like Peter's. The forlorn lines of crosses—the painful dignity—the confusion of her and Mama's and Papa's feelings.

Peace was there, the American flag foreign-looking, half-staff forever, the grass cut close as if in a park, the gravel paths eternally marked by rakes.

The relief—the relief of the excitement, then, of their finally moving on to Paris. The memory of Peter so fresh, she had tried to anticipate that first view of the city as if with Peter's eyes. Oh, Peter had been in love with Paris, the place he had never seen, only dreamed about. There, someday, Peter had been sure he would go to study art. . . . And she only wished, as hard as she could, to be like Peter for an instant, to catch and remember enough so that, like Peter, she could say, "Paris!"

Why had she failed?

The many, many times she had examined herself, asked so many questions—and none of them was answered. "What are *moules à la marinière*?" What had been the name of a mild white wine which, she imagined if she took more than a spoonful, she'd tip off her chair, silly drunk?

But if Woody Macauley had only come that day to lunch at the Grand Hotel, she was sure few questions, written or unwritten, would now be tormenting her. She did have a talent for fixing an impression

in her mind. Always, she was lively about getting clues to a place, to a person. But Woody—and Paris—both mysterious, now, both forever a mizzle, like a headache never quite coming on.

She could find nothing written down about Paris.

As for Woody— Well, she had intended, once she was settled at home, to get into the car and drive over to Darktown and look up the Macauley house. That was in an unexplored, ignored section of town which families over here on Elm Street in Coltersville called Darktown.

She just hadn't got around to it. The housecleaning had piled up. Now she still kept putting it off. For she could have talked to Mable. She could have let Mable come back. She even could have looked up Woody's father at the high school. He was the janitor there. She could have had a few words with Woody's sister, who was Mrs. Henning's Monday and Friday girl. Just three doors away—

That was always bad. To put off things. The habit of putting off, like a web of conveniently necessary responsibilities, was never broken. That was how it was. You laughed at yourself because you never got around to doing some of the easiest things— Excuse-making was bad. A web. So loose you could see through it, but without excuses, doing nothing— Oh, why did so much have to be justified!

It was obvious others excused Mary Catherine more than she excused herself. For she had become more hard of hearing lately. It was awkward, having to command herself to catch what others said. Those who shouted at her, or those who overemphasized facial expressions to dramatize what they said, they did embarrass her. So, it was to be expected, she wouldn't be at ease with the Macauleys. She wasn't at ease with people she knew best.

Most of all—remembering what she could about Paris—Mary Catherine recalled how they'd been homesick there. That was an odd feeling to have. But it was just that they'd been in too many places, had seen too many sights. They were tired, and bored.

Hadn't Mama and Papa been the real sports, though! Poor Mama with her hip. The dampness over there in England and Holland played hob with that. Papa was always off his food. Hives. These were caused, Mama was sure, by the bottled water they'd had to drink. He had his weight problem, a little. Mary Catherine found it almost impossible to forgive herself, the way she'd nagged and nagged him, that month with

the folks in Holland. For Papa had been tempted by the big meals. The cheese! They even served it for breakfast.

In a way, they'd come to Paris for Mary Catherine's sake. This was to be her "part" of the trip, just as Holland, after thirty years, had been Papa's. Mama had kept alive only for that sad day at the cemetery. And there it was, she'd worn herself to a frazzle. She'd limped miles. Of course, but for her fall off the front porch two years before—in a cast, months and months—she could have made the trip with the Coltersville Gold Star Mothers' Club.

From the first, Mary Catherine had lectured herself not to expect Paris to be too wonderful. Everything else had been close to the edge of one disappointment following another— Because of the cold, the wet weather, she'd kept on her wool suit every minute, and did she look tacky! England was run down, Stratford deserted but touristy. No good supply of postcards and souvenirs in yet. Then Mama came down with a cold in London and had to stay cooped up in the hotel, Mary Catherine with her. The silk scarves from Liberty's looked common when tried out, mixtures of sickly salmons and greens. Not for her. Her complexion had turned scratchy— Even if that sweater she'd paid the horrible price for had been the right size. . . .

Most of the days in Holland she'd planted her nose in a book. Long, talky evenings, she'd sat lost in a ceaseless prattle of Dutch. Her ears were worse; she gave up the strain of listening. The family decided she was used to being let out of things. And only on the day Uncle Max had rented a car and taken them to Alkmaar—just sledges of cheese and people standing about—had he paid much attention to her. When she'd asked to be shown a dyke he'd look amused.

The morning of their arrival at the Grand Hotel they were all out of sorts. Somehow there was a mix-up about rooms. They sat over an hour in the gold and red glitter of the lobby, glaring at the clerk. They just had to have adjoining rooms. Mama had to have Mary Catherine close as possible.

By that time all their light-weight clothing, unused, was a mess. And Paris was hot. Mary Catherine couldn't make the travelling iron work properly. Finally, she salvaged a crumpled voile, buttoned a summer coat over it. She joined Papa in the hotel's noisy dining room. Mama gave up. She stayed in bed with a tray of toast and tea. Papa quarreled with the

waiter about his eggs. He warned Mary Catherine she wasn't to eat a bite anywhere else: horsemeat, goat—you couldn't tell what they'd slip on your plate at the restaurants. Mary Catherine felt nervous, but she managed to sip some tasteless chocolate.

Mama had to be helped with her bath. Papa went alone to take a bus tour of the city. Then Mary Catherine went out. She just said she had to see something of Paris by herself.

She kept repeating to herself, "Paris, Paris—this is Paris." She hurried along the damp pavements. Why hadn't she enjoyed anything Peter hadn't pointed out to her? Yes, she'd always had to be coaxed; she'd argued with Peter about his tastes, pretending her prejudices were, maybe, just comfortable. Peter had always been right. She knew that now. And if alive now, here, he could have forced her vision to expand, as if through an ever-widening arch. She missed Peter's warmth, his love of the beautiful. She needed him as she slowly experienced the wakening life of the boulevards, the sycamores in tentative leaf, the shopkeepers dolefully absorbed in the grotesque destiny of their daily lives, shuttling the black-painted masks that concealed their shop windows.

She had not come out with her guidebook. But she recognized points of interest—the Madeleine, the street signs of famous streets.

Presently she was submerged in the activity of a street market, confused by birdcages and flowers. She wandered into a lane-like cobbled street, questioning the direction. It seemed hours until she found herself once more on a familiar boulevard, giddy from hunger. She risked a sidewalk cafe and consumed a plate of rolls and more chocolate.

At the hotel, in their room, Papa was loading his camera, half buried in a closet. Mama ordered Mary Catherine at once to find her a fresh elastic stocking.

"If they make me walk too much, no," Mama whimpered, "I'll just give up."

"What do you know about this Versailles place?" Papa asked.

"Well, it's a palace, a big one," Mary Catherine said.

"Sounds like too much walking," Mama said.

"Oh, you must go," Mary Catherine said, encouragingly. "It's such a lovely day."

The windows were open. With delight, she heard the fighting taxis and their horns in the streets, as violent as morning birdsong. Paris was

boisterous. All its noise was amplified even in her dulled ears. The city smelled of wet sawdust and perfume and scorched cloth. Everywhere the light was blue, turning gold. The grey dust was gold, the cold gray stones gilt-shining.

Mary Catherine examined again the timetable of their visit. The hours were planned. Lunch must be finished at one. Versailles in the afternoon. Dinner at six. A final tour: Paris Night Life. Mama might not care for that. Fontainebleau tomorrow, the Louvre and Notre Dame. Mary Catherine just hoped she could squeeze in an hour to look up Woody Macauley. Mabel had just insisted giving her his address. . . .

"You're too stoved up," Papa was saying. "You just sit in the bus."

"I will not," Mama said, stumping around with her cane, trying her leg. "I'm going to see everything you see."

"Why don't you invite the Macauley boy over here?" Papa said. "I mean he could eat lunch here with us, we could talk to him a little. Then you'll have more time—"

"Why, Papa, that's *nice*. I didn't think—"

"You know," Mama said, "Mabel'd be just crushed if we didn't give him a hello."

"I just didn't think you'd want to do that," Mary Catherine said, delighted. She looked up his address in her book. It was of a hotel, and there was a telephone number.

None of them had seen Woody since he and Peter had palled around together. That year Coltersville High made the Class A finals the *Columbus Citizen* ran Peter's and Woody's picture on the sports page, co-captains. But of course they remembered him best because Woody had taken art lessons with Peter, both of them much prized by old Mrs. Williamson.

"He was Petey's friend, his best friend," Mama said. "And I never made any bones about it."

She made it seem as simple as anything, and Mary Catherine was only thinking of how they were all strangers here in Paris. There were four of them here from Coltersville and they wanted to be together.

"I bet he talks the language pretty good by now," Papa said. "Maybe he knows where I can buy some Barbasol."

"When I stop to think," Mama was saying, crossly, "how we gave Petey every advantage. He was going to come to Paris to study when the

war was over— But look, it's Woody, the Macauleys never with a cent ahead, who—"

"Nothing's too good for the boys, all they went through," Papa said.

Mama wouldn't give in, next day, though she was so fagged out she could hardly move out of bed. On the excursion to Versailles she had climbed too many steps, stood too long in the sun. Fontainebleau was a comedown, she said. Just another big museum. Right after lunch, she was going to soak in the tub and take a pheno-barbital. While waiting for Woody to show up, they sat in the lobby. Mary Catherine wrote postcards, dipping the stubby pen in the lilac ink, underlining *Les Etats Unis,* wondering about the spelling. She had shiny views of the Eiffel Tower and Les Invalides and a supply of the pretty orange stamps.

For an hour they waited for Woody Macauley, and he did not come. With every minute Mary Catherine had become shakier with nerves. How could they deny it? They had not wanted to see Woody Macauley. They dreaded him, as they had envied him, when a boy, that he and Peter were always together with their secrets, holding their rich life close to themselves. Papa tramped up and down, pulling out his watch. Mary Catherine got up from the desk and followed him toward the doorway. Both hopelessly stared into the street.

"Papa, what did he say when you called him? You're sure you said twelve o'clock."

"I sure did," Papa said. "Why, he sounded tickled as all get out. 'Mr. Van Horn,' he said, 'It'll sure be nice to see some of you people from home.' He said that."

"The Grand Hotel," Mary Catherine said. "You're sure he understood—"

"Sure, I'm sure," Papa said. "Now, *listen*!" He always was angry if anybody doubted his word.

"It's pretty plain to me," Mary Catherine said. "He never intended to show up at all." She returned to the desk and picked up the postcards. She felt like tearing them into pieces.

Mama spoke up and said she couldn't stand it another minute. She'd have to get something into her stomach, she was so weak. Mary Catherine helped her to her feet and held to her arm, ignoring the head waiter, who wanted to lead them to a corner table. She chose a place as near to the entrance as possible.

"He never meant to come at all," Mary Catherine said. Her face was pink with shame.

"What's she getting at?" Mama said, adding as if otherwise occupied, "Mary C, I been thinking about those opera lengths—I'm not going to pay more than fifteen dollars—"

"He's not hurt," Mary Catherine said. "I know. Not him. He was always proud. He's never had so good a chance to give us a snub."

Mama ordered soup. She wanted it right away.

"Oh, he had to be so *nice* to you," Mary Catherine said, reproaching her father. "But he knows perfectly well it's different here than at home. We wouldn't be inviting him to eat with us at home—"

She shut up with a gasp. Maybe she had not meant to say all this, the hidden, secret things, the shapeless hates, the unspoken, buried jealousies. And she found she lacked the strength to say them, to believe them. By wisps, hairs, broken bits, their despair was stuck together. They inhabited the ruins of old beliefs, convenient, if ugly, instruments of hopeless desuetude.

"You're talking too loud," Mama said, sternly.

"What's the difference—all this?" Papa said. "What do we care?"

"No, we don't *have* to care," Mary Catherine said. "We never have. The time Woody was wounded, remember, Mabel didn't even mention it. We read about it in the paper. Then we didn't do anything, *say* anything. And what did Mabel say to us when we lost Peter?— Why, we never think of ourselves as living in the same world with *them*."

Mary Catherine rose to her feet. She could remember that moment in the crowded dining room, the protected and self-protecting faces, forever alien, gathered together in this alien land. She excused herself and ran to the street. We are all changed, she had wanted to say. Because we have come here. Why did none of them feel as she did, like someone emerging from a tunnel, her eyes blinking, the immediate and personal experiences lost in that darkness where she had been?. . .

An hour later, lost, but with no fear of being lost, she sat down at a table under an awning and confidently ordered her lunch. The waiter seemed to understand what she wanted. She had a glutton's feast, sick of herself because, ignorantly eating the rich dishes, she needed only to destroy a common hunger. The wine made her head rock. *Moules à la marinière.* . . . She would never know what they were. Drowsily, she

peeled hothouse peaches, laced them with yellow cream. She drank coffee, finished off a powerful liqueur, smoked a cigarette.

In a taxi she was returned to the hotel. Thus oriented, she set out to do the shopping. After all, she was quite able to manage. It was the only thing to do. She found herself in several stores, bought some excellent gloves, opera length, black and white.

Within a week they were home, and she insisted on tackling the housecleaning. Mabel she did not want, that summer, or later. It was a hot summer, continuously humid. Every night, after supper, she washed the dishes, made a pitcher of lemonade and sat with her parents on the front porch.

One night Papa showed his films. Mrs. Henning and old Mrs. Williamson came over. Apprehensively, Mary Catherine watched herself, always a solid figure against crumbled walls, wandering indestructibly in gauzes of rain on English lawns. All was clear; Papa had saved only his best shots. Yet all that was clear was now without definition, and her comments on the pictures begged some wanted solidity of feeling.

Out of doors the late August heat bubbled. Out of doors the glinting purple light of evening died, was a cindery, lightless light. The dimmed living room was cool. The screen contained a flat world of distance and memory, impossible to believe.

What could she say? He could have come! Oh, he should have come. Woody Macauley should have sat with them, if only for an hour, in the wilted glare of the white-napkined dining room in the Grand Hotel in Paris, France. And he would not have been unkind. He would not have been what people in Coltersville were pleased to call "uppity."

With his dark brown face and his smile he would have been tolerant. And they would not have been too necessarily offensive. If insulted by his compassion, his solace of kindness, repeated once more—oh, repeated once more, finally—they would not have tried to "put him in his place."

These people—and Woody Macauley as one of his people—must do so much, so much more than we can, she thought. They have to be patient with people like us, and if not forgive us, be kind, pretend to be kind. Their kindness, most of all, is our grief. Our grief because of their kindness, which we do not deserve, we deserve to suffer for.

Middle-Aged Reactionary

By ALFRED KREYMBORG

> *I have sometimes asked myself whether my country is the better for my having lived at all.*
>
> —THOMAS JEFFERSON

A youth one used to love in former days,
When he and I were liberal companions,
Has reached a state of middle age where he,
Though younger than myself by twenty years,
Treats me with evasion when it appears
That I might speak to him. His voice is cold,
His manner no longer free but old, old
With the shade or need of that security
He buys by selling himself to some concern
Which has a much more plutocratic frame
Than leaves of grass through which he used to earn
Less than enough to live on. And the flame
That once imbued his romantic energy
With light and courage against the living dead,
Is now the tune of one who plays the game
Of compromise and safer goals instead.
What has happened to him since last we met
Has the military bearing of an ape
Or a crab attending backward schools today
To give himself a more becoming shape
In this dark time that few of us escape.
Although he has no weapon to aim at me
One feels some growing treachery somehow
Trying to stab the past between ourselves.
If I should bare myself with liberties
Which are out of fashion now, I'd be consigned
With other true men who find themselves opposed
By sudden foes whose reactionary stride
May count on leaders to strike us all aside
Or drag us off to dungeons cold and vast
Through whose dark walls no freedom ever passed.

ALFRED KREYMBORG's latest volume of poetry is *No More War*.

The friend who shunned my path is out of sight
With all the other shadows of the night,
Yet one who walks as nakedly as I
Must learn to reason with all he loved before,
Hateful though that may be, or turn his heart,
A creature often thwarted in its faith,
Against spies and informers who invade
Our native land from within and spread their webs
To catch and poison our democracy
And hang it out to dry under tyranny.
Thus, before I shake hands with another man,
The utmost circumspection forces my tongue
To be silent until his soul reveals
Just what he thinks of me before I speak—
A game that always leaves me rather weak.
And so if another friend should come my way
He must kindly pardon differences I feel
May rise between us, or I myself begin
In self-defense before one gathers ground
And listening first to what he has to say,
Rushes on to the love we shared of old.
For I was ever a creature manifold
With warm affection and enthusiasm
Never spasmodic, hesitant or cold.
Shy though I am by nature, give me the bold
Greeting that crosses any worldly chasm
And takes two men together as the same
Fellows they were and are as they stand here
With friendship clear and pure in trustful eyes,
And in their hands, hearts, heads and future skies.

The Postwar Revolutions in Southeast Asia

By GEORGE McT. KAHIN

As THE JAPANESE OCCUPATION drew to a close much of Southeast Asia exploded into a surge of revolutionary nationalist movements. In Indonesia, Indochina and Burma powerful, ably-led groups dedicated to programs of full independence found enthusiastic and overwhelming mass support.[1] All of these movements have been rebellions against colonial rule. Their basic demand has been for political independence and the attainment of personal dignity, freedom of upward social mobility, economic independence and a rise in the level of living widely believed to be its certain consequence.

Though the factors that have conditioned the wartime and postwar development of these revolutionary nationalist movements show important differences, the most important prewar factors governing their development show striking similarities.

The colonial social milieus of Indonesia, Burma and Indochina did

---

[1]Siam, already independent, and the Philippines, definitely promised its independence in 1946, were quiet. A weak and narrowly-based Malay nationalism feared complete independence because of the presence of a slightly larger Chinese population in Malaya, and though asking greater concessions from the British has not yet indicated any desire to be abandoned by them. Physical resistance to the British in Malaya since the war has come almost exclusively from Communist-oriented Malayan Chinese. They aspire to Malaya's independence from the British and possibly some sort of partial autonomy with respect to Peking's control, but they do not represent the Malay population and to date the indications are that they do not represent a majority of Malaya's Chinese.

GEORGE McT. KAHIN spent a year in Indonesia (1948-49), studying political developments there on a field research fellowship from the Social Science Research Council and dividing his attention almost equally between Indonesian-controlled territory and that under Dutch control. Since then he has been Assistant Professor in the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins University, his field being modern and contemporary Southeast Asia.

not produce the indigenous, capitalist-oriented middle-classes so important in energizing the nationalist movements in India and the Philippines. The top positions in their economic life were mostly in the hands of Europeans and secondarily in the hands of Chinese, or Indians in the case of Burma. Except in northeastern Indochina the vast range of middle economic positions down through the smallest entrepreneurial functions, both in agriculture and in commerce, were almost exclusively in the hands of Chinese or Indians. The native landlord class, particularly in Indonesia and Burma, was extremely small and weak. In Indonesia and Indochina, where an indigenous aristocracy survived, they were for the most part administrative tools of the colonial power and their positions were dependent upon survival of that power. In general they opposed rather than led the independence movements.

What is unique, then, about the three great revolutionary national movements of postwar Southeast Asia is that they are neither middle-class phenomena, nor energized by either landlord or aristocratic leadership. They are peasant and urban labor-based mass movements organized and led by an incredibly tiny Western-educated elite supplemented by a few influential religious leaders. Not until the beginning of this century in Burma and a decade later in Indonesia and Indochina did a new Western education for the native population make the development of these new elites possible. In contrast to the surviving elements of the native aristocracy they did not enjoy positions of wealth and power dependent upon the colonial regimes. They were acutely dissatisfied groups. Their efforts at upward social mobility were continually frustrated because of the discriminatory employment practices of the colonial administrations (especially in Indochina and Indonesia), and because of their inability to compete with the wealthy and experienced intrenched European, Chinese and Indian economic interests.

To the extent that these tiny Western-educated native elites can at all be termed "middle-class," such appellation must be qualified by the term "noncapitalist." The large majority of this group consisted of either civil servants, mostly clerks and primary school teachers, or unemployed aspirants for such jobs. When they could find jobs utilizing their education, it was almost always as employees of the colonial government rather than as employees of private enterprise. Only a handful were admitted to clerical positions in the inhospitable, alien-controlled capitalist sectors of

society; a very few attained professional positions and almost none became entrepreneurs.

It was natural that very few members of these elites felt any vested interest in capitalism. Its only important development in their countries was in the colonial economic sphere, the benefits of which, they were convinced, completely bypassed them. They had no personal material reason to be alienated by the socialist economics of Marxism. Capitalism they saw as the way of the colonial master and his equally resented Chinese and Indian associates, and they tended to equate capitalism and colonial rule; hostility to colonial rule quite naturally entailed hostility to capitalism. The discontent which their Western-controlled social environment generated among them was strongly reinforced by the political ideas of the West which they encountered through their Western education. These ideas justified and greatly intensified their broadly social impulses to resist political subjection and economic exploitation as well as their more instinctive individual desires for dignity and assertion of equality. They were struck by the tremendous difference between the theory and practices of the Western democracies at home and their very different practices in the colonies. The appeal of Marxism was thus especially strong for them, for it alone seemed to offer a satisfactory solution to the antithesis presented by Western political concepts and Western colonialism. Their reception of Marxist principles was usually highly eclectic; it is significant and understandable that it was the writings of Lenin and Bukharin on imperialism that they were most attracted to. Had it not been for the opportunism displayed by the Comintern towards the issue of colonial independence and the strength of religious forces in these countries, particularly Indonesia and Burma, the appeal of Communism would undoubtedly have been stronger.

However, these religious forces generally were not in opposition to the tenets of revisionist Western socialism. Indonesia's dominantly Islamic population came progressively under the leadership of Modernists, a phenomenon not matched in any other Islamic country. They not only encouraged Mohammedans to read the political and religious writings of the West, but opposed capitalism and urged a social-economic program roughly analagous to that of Christian Socialists in the West. An influential group of Indonesian Islamic leaders, a group which today is dominant, felt that socialism, so long as it was not antireligious and did not

subordinate the individual to the state, was not only not against the tenets of Islam, but part of its essence. Thus the elites which finally gave the incipient and smoldering nationalist movements of Indonesia, Burma and Indochina leadership and which lead them today were preponderantly anticapitalistic and dedicated to socialist ideologies of one variety or another.

The power of the colonial administrations, however, proved far too great for these tiny elites to win national independence. Though some of their members tried hard, and often with considerable courage, to contact and organize the peasantry and urban labor into an effective nationalist movement they were too weak to make real headway against the repressive power which the colonial regimes interposed between them and this objective.

The principal result of the Japanese capitulation on the course of the movements for national independence in Indonesia, Burma and Indochina was to remove very briefly the repressive apparatuses that had previously held the nationalist movements in check and make available to them sufficient arms to contest any attempt at its reimposition. In Indonesia and Burma a considerable portion of these arms were in the hands of natives whom the Japanese had trained in the hopes they would fight with them against the Allies. In Burma these groups turned on the Japanese and fought with the British after their 1945 invasion had gained momentum. In Java and Sumatra they were primed to fall on the Japanese the moment the Allies landed. Most of the original nucleus of arms of the Indochinese nationalists was from O.S.S. and Chinese Nationalist sources. In all three countries considerable quantities of arms were obtained from the Japanese either as a result of fighting for them or because Japanese officers obligingly surrendered them voluntarily. These revolutionary nationalists kept their arms, whether they allowed Allied troops to occupy their country (which the Burmese did because of the overwhelming strength of the British 14th Army), or whether they resisted such reoccupation, as the Indonesians and Indochinese eventually did. Though all of them were agreeable to negotiated settlements with their former colonial masters, it was largely by virtue of their armed strength that they maintained their bargaining power.

The other major factor which gave the nationalists strength in these negotiations and the fighting that followed in Indonesia and Indochina,

a factor only gradually appreciated by the European powers, was the high degree of mass national consciousness and organization that developed not only during the interval between Japan's capitulation and the arrival of Allied troops but during the Japanese occupation itself.

Japanese efforts to indoctrinate these Southeast Asians with anti-Western attitudes were made on fallow ground. The easy victory of the Japanese over the British, their easier victory over the Dutch and the refusal of the Vichy French in Indochina even to attempt resistance to them had dealt a greater blow to European prestige than the outside world realized. The intense suffering of the native populations at the hands of the Japanese further embittered them against the colonial powers who had neither effectively protected them nor allowed them the arms to protect themselves.

Even less appreciated was the degree to which the Japanese allowed the nationalist movements in Indonesia and Burma to be built up during their occupation. In Indochina the Japanese were able to rely upon the cooperation of the Vichy French administration to secure the principal objectives of their Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. In Indonesia and Burma, however, there were no amenable colonial administrations to help them. To gain a minimum of cooperation from their reluctant populations it was necessary to make concessions to their nationalist feelings. By giving the most influential of the nationalist leaders a limited latitude to build up their movements the Japanese hoped to secure their cooperation in mobilizing labor power and production for the benefit of the Japanese war economy and in the training and indoctrination of native military auxiliaries of the Japanese army. Both in Burma and Indonesia these nationalist leaders, though giving the Japanese some help in these projects, got much the best of the Japanese in the bargaining. The direct contact they were allowed with the peasantry and the skill of the anti-Japanese undergrounds in supplementing their work resulted in a much greater stimulus to the nationalist movements than most Japanese commanders had counted on. By 1945 Indonesians and Burmese were not only aroused to a mass-based pitch of nationalism stronger than had ever before existed, but the orientation of that nationalism was more anti-Japanese than anti-Allied.

Another consequence of the Japanese occupation was the social revolution which expediency forced the Japanese to put through. Having

arrived with practically no military government personnel and interned practically the whole remaining European population, the Japanese were forced to turn to Indonesians and Burmese to fill the multitude of administrative and technical posts vacated by them. Natives who had occupied the lower ranks of these hierarchies suddenly found themselves catapulted into positions which were often two or three brackets higher than those which they had filled under the colonial regimes. They were able to fill these positions with a degree of competence that quite surprised most of them. It was suddenly apparent that the apparently esoteric skills of the "superior" colonial were well within the compass of ability of the native populations. This gave Indonesians and Burmese a powerful self-confidence which increased both their desire for independence and their belief that they could win it. In addition those who had benefited from this revolutionary upward social mobility naturally had a strong vested interest in maintaining these changes. That meant resisting any return to colonial rule. Its reimposition, they felt sure, would mean demotion to their old positions.

Beginning with their revolutionary stages in the late summer of 1945 the paths of the nationalist movements in Southeast Asia began to diverge too widely to allow of their common description.

Burma

In Burma, as in India, the strength and popular backing of the nationalist movement that had emerged in mid-1945 had assumed very formidable proportions. Many thousands of Burmese were armed and organized into military organizations controlled by the Burmese nationalist leaders. The British Labor Government recognized the strength and genuineness of the nationalist movements in India and Burma and, Winston Churchill notwithstanding, decided that it was better to preside over the liquidation of a major part of the British Empire than to preside over the liquidation of a major portion of Britain's manhood to the end that unwilling and sullen populations be forced to maintain a hollow allegiance to Britain.

Aung-San, a militant Socialist and leader of the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League—the broad coalition of Burmese resistance groups in which the Socialists and the Stalinist Communists were the strongest—was invited to London for negotiations. In January, 1947, the British agreed to transfer power within a year to the Burmese if national elec-

tions were held and demonstrated independence to be the wish of a majority of the electorate. The elections testified to this desire and returned the Socialists as by far the largest party. On January 4, 1948, Britain granted full independence to Burma.

Britain's prompt and realistic action completely upset the plans of the Burmese Communists. They had counted on a long armed struggle against the British in the course of which, because of their superior underground organization, they expected to emerge as the dominant Burmese political group. When the British tactfully withdrew, the Communists were all dressed up for a colonial war but with no place to go. Shortly after the granting of independence, the Communists, apparently with the Kremlin's encouragement, went into opposition against both the agreement transferring sovereignty and against the Socialist-dominated government of Thakin-Nu. (Aung-San and six other cabinet ministers had been murdered in an unsuccessful coup d'état of a right wing group which had done poorly in the elections.) They accused the government of selling out to the British because of the fact that it had agreed to protect British investments or pay compensation for expropriation. They demanded that land reform be in terms of immediate confiscation without compensation to landlords. Naturally many landless, debt-ridden peasants found this Communist program and their lavish promise of no taxes more attractive than the necessarily slow and methodical agrarian reform measures sponsored by the government, which did insist on taxes and giving the landlord reasonable compensation for his land.

Thus for a time the Communists had a substantial amount of peasant support. In the end, however, their autocratic methods, their endless requisitions, and their opposition to Buddhism lost them most of this support. But peasant backing was strong enough through 1948 and 1949 to provide them with a strong base for their military effort against the government. In early 1949 when the power of the Communists was at its peak the Karens, one of the principal non-Burman minorities, also went into rebellion. They were dissatisfied with the political autonomy granted them under the Burmese constitution and demanded full independence. Until mid-1950 the situation was extremely critical. Finally, Thakin-Nu's government, with financial help and military equipment from Britain, pulled through the crisis. The Karens stopped fighting and came to terms with the government. The Communists, though still active

in some hill districts, have sustained severe military defeats and have lost most of their following. The government has now reasserted its authority over most of the country, including nearly all the economically important areas.

Indonesia

When the first British troops arrived in Indonesia six weeks after the capitulation of Japan they were surprised to find the recently-proclaimed Republic of Indonesia a real and operating concern. Most of Java and Sumatra, with four-fifths of Indonesia's 75,000,000 people, were being administered by a functioning, if somewhat rudimentary Indonesian administration. Certain areas were still held by Japanese troops, but the fierce resistance of the Indonesians in conjunction with the demoralization of many Japanese soldiers had dissuaded the Japanese commanders from any further carrying out of the Allied orders for maintenance of their control. A *modus vivendi* existed whereby the Indonesians were left to carry out governmental administration and operation of public services in most of the large cities and towns.

Beginning in November, the British embarked on a policy apparently aimed at securing military control over all Java. The unexpectedly fierce and tenacious resistance to these efforts put up by the Indonesians demonstrated to the British the strength and willingness for sacrifice that was behind the independence movement and woke them to the fact that the Republic of Indonesia was positively and enthusiastically backed by the Indonesian people. It shocked them into the realization that unless they were willing to commit much greater military strength in Indonesia they would have to alter their policies and find some measure of common ground with the leaders of the Republic.

The British then put pressure on the Dutch to negotiate a peaceful settlement with the Republic. This combined with the announced British intention of withdrawing their troops from Indonesia by the end of November, 1946, brought the Netherlands to sign the Linggadjati Agreement with the Indonesians. However, each side interpreted its loose terms differently and was convinced the other was violating its terms. Bad feeling increased and no progress was made towards reaching a definite settlement. The agreement contained an arbitration clause whereby a third party, if need be the World Court, was to be called in to arbitrate any differences arising from it. However, the Dutch refused to abide by

this clause and continued to build up their strength in the port cities into which the British had shoe-horned them. In July, 1947, they served an ultimatum on the Republic, acquiescence to which would have put its entire area under their control. With its refusal to meet all their demands, the Dutch launched an all-out war to crush the Republic.

Though the Security Council called for a "cease fire," the Dutch kept advancing until early November by which time most of their major objectives had been secured. Their flouting of its directive caused the United Nations to suffer a great loss of prestige not only in Indonesia but throughout Southeast Asia and India. Among intellectuals throughout the area it was widely believed that the Dutch could never have mounted their offensive had the United States not sanctioned it. They pointed out that war-devastated Holland was dependent upon financial aid from America for reconstruction and believed that because of this the United States could have stopped the Dutch military action. For many, proof of America's backing of the Dutch was found in its action in the Security Council where it opposed the demand made by Australia as well as Russia that the Dutch withdraw to the positions from which they had launched their attack. Among the rank and file, the American-made planes and tanks (often with American insignia) used by the Dutch was proof that America supported them. They were largely unimpressed by the argument that this equipment had not been given to the Dutch for use against the Indonesians.

For a time thereafter disillusion with America was stemmed by the activity of Dr. Frank Graham, American representative on the United Nations' Committee of Good Offices in Indonesia. This committee was charged with encouraging the Netherlands and the Republic of Indonesia to negotiate a settlement but was almost powerless and could only make recommendations. Graham proposed a somewhat imprecise over-all solution for a settlement acceptable to the rest of the committee. Apparently he believed that the State Department stood behind him and would back its implementation. Certainly that was the impression received by the Indonesian leaders. On the strength of that belief they joined the Dutch in mid-January, 1948, in signing the Renville Agreement. The essence of this, as far as immediate implementation was concerned, was that the Republic of Indonesia would recognize the right of the Dutch to administer the territory their armies had overrun pending

a plebiscite which would determine whether or not the peoples living there wished to return to the Republic. The first stage of the agreement's implementation called for withdrawal of 35,000 Republican troops, bypassed by the armored columns of the Dutch and now waging a successful guerrilla warfare against them. On the promise of a plebescite in the districts they were vacating and the certainty that in any fair vote they would overwhelmingly declare for the Republic these troops marched back into the truncated territory in central Java still left to the Republic. The plebescite was not held, and the Dutch began setting up their own puppet regimes in these areas in preparation for the formation of a federal Indonesia made up of such states, a federation which they could clearly dominate. No real pressure was applied to the Dutch to make them live up to their end of the agreement by either the United Nations or the United States. The situation was simply allowed to drift.

Within the Republic disillusion with the United States and with what was conceived to be an American-dominated United Nations became increasingly bitter. Russia's allegations of the imperialist and procolonial nature of American policy began to be taken seriously by more and more people and the tendency increased to interpret its championing of the Indonesian side within the Security Council as sincere and altruistic. Concomitant with this reorientation towards America and Russia there developed increasingly harsh material conditions within the Republican area, the ultimate cause for which was seen to be America as well as the Netherlands. The area left under Republican control was a deficit food area which ordinarily imported food from other parts of Indonesia. Into it streamed over a million refugees from the areas overrun by the Dutch. Around it the Dutch threw a tight blockade through which it was impossible to import food, cloth, and even medicines. The frustration of hopes for independence, the disillusion with America and Western Europe, and the acute physical suffering produced by this situation brought many Indonesians to look to the Communists for leadership. From a group that had formerly been of relatively minor importance the Stalinist Communists rapidly began to acquire a popular backing of impressive magnitude. From Moscow the Russians dispatched Muso, an Indonesian Communist leader who had lived there for most of the previous twenty years. He immediately took over leadership of the Indonesian Communist Party and its rapidly growing associated organiza-

tions. Plans to overthrow the Republican government were developed, but its knowledge of them caused some of the second echelon Communist leaders, fearful of arrest, to stampede the revolution prematurely in mid-September, 1948. There ensued two bloody months of fighting at the end of which the Communists were crushed.

Not only had the Soviet Government been at least a tacit party to the rebellion through its sanctioning of Muso's return. During the course of the rebellion a Soviet radio broadcast made clear Russia's support of the rebelling Communists and castigated the leaders of the Republican Government. To most Indonesians the action of the Communists was seen as an unpatriotic stab-in-the-back and the pro-Russian and pro-Communist tides were sharply reversed.[2] Disillusion with America was now matched, and in some quarters exceeded, by disillusion and revulsion of feeling against Soviet Russia.

A more cordial feeling towards the United States began to develop among Indonesian leaders when it became known that American pressure had kept the Dutch from using the Communist uprising as an excuse for marching their troops into Republican territory. This feeling was quickly dissipated, however, when in mid-December, 1948, a scant month after the uprising had been put down, the Dutch flung a modernly-equipped army of 140,000 men against the weakened, revolution-ravaged Republic. Once again the peasant and urban laborer felt the impact of American planes and tanks and again linked America with the Dutch. Again the feeling was widespread among intellectuals in Indonesia and elsewhere in Southeast Asia—and still is today— that the Dutch could never have mounted this attack if the Marshall Plan were not pouring into the Dutch home economy financial aid approximately equal to the amount the Dutch government was pumping out of that economy to finance its $300 million-per-year military effort in Indonesia. They were convinced that a sincere threat to stop Marshall aid would have forced the Dutch to desist.

It was almost six months before the Dutch carried out the modest UN request that they release their recently captured Republican political leaders and evacuate the Republican capital and its immediate hinterland.

---

[2]The non-Stalinist, nationalist Communists had strongly supported the government during the revolt and suffered only a brief loss in popularity.

During the course of that six months America's policy towards Indonesia appeared to undergo a major change. It began to put effective pressure on the Dutch as well as the Indonesians to come to a peaceful settlement and demanded that the Dutch make real concessions to the Indonesian point of view. For most Indonesians, however, this change in attitude came rather late. Their leaders were and remain convinced that it was not based primarily upon any altruistic regard for Indonesia's right to independence, but rather on the dictates of American interests within the general context of the Cold War. They were not aware of any change in American policy until after the increasingly successful resistance of Indonesian armed forces had made it clear that the Dutch could never win a conclusive victory; and until after there had begun among Indonesians a dangerous drift away from the anti-Communist leadership of the interned Republican governmental leaders and towards the Communist camp (especially its nationalist-Communist rather than its Stalinist sector) and to the ranks of Darul Islam, an extreme anti-Western Mohammedan group. Rightly or wrongly most politically alert Indonesians believe that these factors, and the threat implicit in them—emergence of Communist dominance within the Indonesian revolution—were of primary importance in bringing the United States to adopt a new policy.

American pressure upon both the Dutch and the Indonesians to come to an agreement speeded up the inevitable and undoubtedly shortened the period of bloodshed and suffering that the struggle for independence was costing both the Indonesians and the Dutch. During the late summer of 1949 a conference was held at the Hague where American influence played a major role, and on December 27, 1949, the Dutch transferred complete sovereignty over the Netherlands East Indies (minus Western New Guinea) to the Republican-dominated Indonesian government.

Throughout 1950, the political phase of the Indonesian revolution remained uppermost. Though independence had been achieved, the new government by the terms of the Hague Agreement had been saddled with the unwieldy and artificial federal system originally set up by the Dutch. Ridding itself of this incubus and developing a somewhat decentralized but unitary political organization has absorbed much of the new state's energies through the course of the past year. Refusal of the Dutch to turn over Western New Guinea to the Indonesian government

has provided additional fuel for the continuance of the political phase of the revolution. Until this issue is resolved much energy will continue to be diverted into the political channel. Even then, however, much attention will still have to be given to the critically important process of political integration of the vast, sprawling Republic. Though considerable progress has been made in this direction, there is still a dangerous degree of autonomy in some army circles. In several areas there still operate independent, dissident guerrilla organizations. Probably the greatest current danger is that in the process of striving for this political integration the government may have to turn over too much authority to military elements not all of whom can be thoroughly relied upon not to utilize this situation to build up their own power vis-a-vis the civil government.

Indonesia and Burma—Current Phase

In both Indonesia and Burma the basic long-term problem is the course which the largely deferred, incipient social-economic phase of their postwar revolutions will take. Social distortions and tensions built up within the straitjacket of colonial rule (whose postwar solutions have been largely held in abeyance by the necessity of maintaining national unity during the struggle for political independence and because of immediate economic necessity) must now be relieved and the old disintegrating societies reintegrated according to new patterns. Economic problems of enormous magnitude arise from the necessity to repair the great damage caused by the Japanese occupation and ensuing colonial and civil wars, while at the same time paying off sizable inherited debts. They also derive from the firm expectation of their populations that political independence entails a level of economic welfare above that provided under the old colonial systems.

The revolutionary elites now ascendant in Burma and Indonesia (and Indochina as well) are for the most part without capitalistic roots, anticapitalist in sentiment and convinced that only under a predominantly noncapitalistic economy can the welfare of their people be protected. Even those few leaders not socialistic in ideology believe that only through socialistic organization of some of the most important sectors of their economies can political independence be anything more than nominal. Almost all capital and capitalists in their countries are alien—European, Chinese or Indian. Political independence will not be real, they believe,

so long as their economies are controlled by outsiders. Since there are virtually no indigenous capitalists or capital available to compete with the entrenched foreign capital and capitalists, the only solution, they are convinced, is for the government itself to do so.

Actually the ultimate goals envisaged by the present revolutionary leaderships in Indonesia and Burma are mixed economies. Organization along cooperative lines based on private ownership of land is to fill the agricultural sphere while most other sectors of the economy are to be organized along socialist lines with the belief, especially in Indonesia, that some small-scale enterprise should be run on an individual capitalist basis so long as it is subject to government control.

The modified socialist direction which the revolutions in Indonesia and Burma have taken is clear. The crucial question is: along what political channel will this social-economic phase of the revolution flow? Can prosecution of this aim of modified socialism as well as the tremendous pressures generated by economic devastation and the temporarily-surviving colonial economic relationships be contained in nontotalitarian channels?

Thus far the controlling leaders in both Burma and Indonesia are those whose education has been predominantly Western, and they are largely dedicated to the political ideas and practices of Western democracy. In Indonesia the strong position of the Religious Socialists within the chief Islamic political organization gives powerful support to these goals. Though agreeing on the necessity for developing a mixed but strongly socialist economy, they insist that the individual not be swallowed by the state in the process. It is possible that the power of Buddhist priests in the Burmese political scene may work towards the same end.

Credits from America and Britain to Indonesia and Burma have made it possible to defer for a short time the programs of domestic capital accumulation which are the ineluctable prerequisites of any substantial progress away from their still dominantly colonial economies and towards the mixed economies which they have set as their objectives. Nevertheless such domestic capital accumulations must be developed very soon if they are to make any real progress towards even the more immediate social-economic betterment for which their people clamor. However, to force populations which have suffered from eight years of extreme economic

hardship to maintain the low levels of consumption requisite to acquire the minimum domestic capital formations necessary to achieve this progress will require extremely strong governments.

The central long-term problem is, then: will the magnitude and urgency of this social-economic problem prove too great for nontotalitarian solution? Can the present Indonesian and Burmese leaderships meet this problem by methods consistent with their own antitotalitarian convictions? Or must they choose between yielding their place to Communist or rightist totalitarian leaderships and adopting totalitarian methods themselves? The answer will be dependent both on their own abilities and on the willingness of the West, particularly America, to give them financial and technical help.

An understanding of the present foreign policies of the Indonesian and Burmese governments must take into consideration their extreme disillusionment with both Russian and American postwar policies in Asia. Their policy of "positive neutrality" wherein they refuse to align themselves with either Russia or the United States does not merely reflect their desire to stay out of war. It also derives from the fact that the record as they see it shows that neither side can claim anything approaching a monopoly of right. Also they both sincerely believe they can make their maximum contributions to world peace by maintaining independent foreign policies anchored neither to Russia nor the United States. Finally, a factor of great importance is that the interests of internal political stability dictate a foreign policy as free as possible of alignment with either camp. The desire not to give political ammunition to local Communists causes their governments to back further away from the United States than would otherwise be the case. Hypersensitive ex-colonials are all too susceptible to Communist propaganda which seeks to interpret *alignment with* America as *subservience to* America. However, were the actual alignments of the foreign policies of their governments as close to that of Russia as they are to the United States this sensitivity concerning imperialism would probably be equally projected against Russia.

Indochina

Upon occupying Indochina in 1941, the Japanese were able to rely upon its Vichy-inclined French colonial regime to help them gear the country's economy to the needs of their Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity sphere. Thus they were freed from the necessity of making concessions

to the local nationalist movement such as they had been obliged to make in Indonesia and Burma. Not until six months before their surrender to the Allies did the Japanese feel it necessary to disarm and imprison the French and encourage Vietnamese nationalists in order to get their support. By that time most important nationalist leaders had gone underground.

The only strong underground in existence being that led by the Communists under Ho Chi Minh, most of these nationalists, regardless of their ideological convictions, joined it. Since the Communists were operating under a national-front policy and emphasizing nationalism rather than Communism it was easy for the non-Communist majority that joined them to work with them. Thus in Indochina during the Japanese occupation non-Communist nationalist elements had less opportunity to develop their own leadership of the nationalist movement than their counterparts had in Indonesia and Burma.

It was this Communist-dominated underground which provided the nucleus around which was built the broadly based coalition of nationalist organizations known as the *Viet Minh*. This organization received considerable support from the Nationalist government of China and in the later stages of the war from the American Office of Strategic Services. It developed increasing power and by May, 1945 had liberated a sizable area of northern Indochina from Japanese rule. When Japan capitulated, the Viet Minh and the smaller underground organizations moved in quickly to take over the discredited and weakly-backed native regime, which the Japanese at the eleventh hour had established under Bao Dai, and set up a Republic of Viet Nam with Ho Chi Minh as its principal leader.

By the time Allied troops arrived on the scene in late September, 1945, the Viet Nam government was in control of and had begun administering a major portion of the country. Under the terms of Potsdam the Allied occupation of Indochina was to be divided between the British, who were to occupy its southern half, and the Chinese Nationalists, who were to occupy the northern half. In their sector the British attempted with partial success to wrest control from the Viet Nam government, turning it over to French troops as soon as they arrived in strength. In the northern half, however, the Kuomintang generals—though thoroughly looting the country—allowed the Viet Nam government to

continue functioning during their occupation. They refused entry to French troops until on February 28, 1946, the French government agreed to grant some very considerable concessions in Indochina to the Chinese Nationalist government as the price for evacuation of its troops.

On March 6th the French negotiated an agreement with Ho Chi Minh's government whereby they recognized the Republic of Viet Nam as "a free state having its own government, parliament, army, finances, forming part of the Indochinese Federation and the French Union." In addition they agreed to hold a referendum to decide the question of whether Cochin China, the richest and most populous area in the southern half of Indochina, was to join Viet Nam. They recognized Viet Nam as including Tonkin (in the northern sector of Indochina) and Annam (half in the northern and half in the southern halves of Indochina). Actually the concept of "French Union" had not yet been made clear, its constitutional status not being fixed until October, 1946. It later became clear that neither political nor economic independence and membership in the French Union were compatible (except for France). Even before this was made clear, however, the French instead of holding a referendum set up a puppet state in Cochin China whose administration they completely controlled. A French move which appeared calculated to detach southern Annam from Viet Nam further increased its leaders' suspicions. A long series of clashes eventuated in full-scale open warfare in December, 1946, between France and Ho Chi Minh's government which is still going on.

Failing to gain a military decision, the French belatedly sought to wean non-Communist nationalists away from Ho's government by establishing a rival nationalist regime to which they were prepared to transfer some power. On May 20, 1948, they sponsored a new Viet Nam Government under Bao Dai. They commenced calling the old Viet Nam government headed by Ho the "Viet Minh" regime and the world press followed suit. However, for the overwhelming majority of the Indochinese population, including the bulk of its two million Catholics, *the* Viet Nam government is still that headed by Ho Chi Minh.

Successive French efforts to establish a rival nationalist regime under Bao Dai have all failed miserably. Despite the considerable powers (though not genuine independence) which they have at last agreed to transfer to his regime, it still exists largely on paper and commands a

grudging support from only a small fraction of the population. The French have not been willing to transfer enough real power to attract most non-Communist nationalists; their efforts to transfer even this have come far too late, well after most of them ceased to have sufficient confidence in French promises to enter into an agreement with them even if the terms were attractive. It is probable that Ho Chi Minh's regime will keep the support of the large majority of the Viet Namese population and that with or without Chinese support it will eventually oust the French. Within this regime the Communists are now dominant and probably will remain so.

It is the position of many of the non-Communist leaders of Indonesia and Burma that had France and the United States not interfered in Indochina this Communist ascendancy might well not have occurred. They argue that within the context of Russian-American world struggle American support of the French could only result in a pro-Russian Indochinese reaction reinforcing the strength of the Communists within the Viet Minh coalition. Within this context especially, they feel, frustrated nationalism begets Communism.

Even if it is true that the nationalist movement in Indochina is irrevocably captured by the Communists, it is well worth examining another belief held by these non-Communist Southeast Asian leaders. This is that the Indochinese Communists are more nationalist than Stalinist and can be relied upon to interpret Marx more in terms of what they deem Indochina's interests to be than in the terms prescribed by the Kremlin. In support they refer to friction between the French and Indochinese Communist Parties in 1945 and 1946, refusal of the Viet Minh government to follow the line laid down by the Cominform in the Calcutta conference of Asian Communists in early 1948 and its apparent lack of interest in establishing relations with either Moscow or Peking until after the United States and Britain had made clear they were going to back the French and Bao Dai. Their interpretation of this and their own understanding of the dynamics of colonial nationalism incline them to believe that once Western intervention ceases, the Viet Minh government will make clear its independence of both Moscow and Peking.

A STORY

The Multiple Double

By OSCAR TARCOV

ADMITTEDLY I do not lead a fascinating life; even a competent and highly paid journalist, skilled in the art of transmuting dullness into fabulous, sensual excitement would be hard put to describe me in any manner that would interest even the most charitable reader. I do regret, however, that the story I am about to tell begins with the most prosaic aspect of my life. I regret this not because I am fearful that I will bore you, but because it forces me to acknowledge my compromises with the world. (Parenthetically—self-confessions to be truthful must be infinitely parenthetical—I confess that I would prefer to be regarded as a man to whom fabulous adventures are a daily fare.)

The most prosaic part of my life is my work, my money-work—the daily presentation (except Sunday) of my mornings and afternoons in exchange for a weekly check (unfairly changed recently to semi-monthly) that will pay for my bread, butter and teeth-removals. I will not reveal the exact nature of my work (it is not shamefully unusual, but shamefully unnecessary) because there might be some queer soul who will be misled by my description and think it desirable to emulate my activity. I will say that my work is done sitting in a chair at a desk in an office.

I sit in a swivel-chair while at work. There is a man in my office whose only reason for secretly wishing—at night, before falling into a troubled sleep, a time when men should be making their peace with the world or should be terrified by life—that I be fired or that I quit is that he does not have a swivel-chair, and, as he is next in seniority to me, my chair will be his after I leave. If I swivel a quarter-turn to the left, I exchange a view of my desk for a view outside my window. As my rank in the office-hierarchy is not quite the lowest, I feel entitled to make a number of such swivels each day. If I were observed by my superiors in this position, I would be regarded as thinking or planning—the duties of a superior worker.

OSCAR TARCOV's stories and reviews have appeared frequently in the liberal journals and literary quarterlies. He is a Chicagoan.

From my office window I see nothing but ten stories of a large bank building, the eighth to eighteenth story of a forty-story skyscraper. The fourteenth story of this building is almost at the same height as my floor and through its windows reveals a very large room neatly divided by rows of small desks. At each desk sits a young woman. My first act in the morning is to make a quarter-turn swivel to the left to observe the young girls at their desks. I do this in a vain hope to forestall the on-rushing moment when my private soul will be unconsciously superseded by my work-soul. At nine o'clock in the morning there is a pile of papers on the left-hand corner of each desk. Each girl removes one sheet from her pile at a time. She handles the sheet for a few moments and then places it on the right-hand corner of her desk. At five minutes to five, when I make another quarter-turn swivel to the left, I look again at these neat rows of desks; there are piles of papers, equal in height to the nine o'clock piles, on the right-hand corners. I am convinced that the girls do absolutely nothing to the papers, and that each morning, before they come to work, someone moves the piles of paper from the right side of the desks to the left side.

Well, now you have read a bit about my work. There are other aspects to relate, but I had better go on directly with my story.

* * *

It was Thursday, five o'clock, and the day's work was over. Across the way the piles of papers were arranged neatly on the right-hand corners of the desks. I take a suburban train to my home. Tess, who works in my office, lives near me, and except for those evenings when she stays downtown for a date, we leave the office together.

Tess and I like each other; we even like each other in the office. Ordinarily, I do not look upon a woman that I like as a "good kid," and ordinarily a woman that likes me does not regard me as a "good guy," but such was the nature of Tess that she was to me a good kid and I was to her, I sensed, a good guy. I know that Tess attributed to me a hundred "good" qualities that I have never aspired to possess. I never resented this charitable trait in her.

Our struggle to the train takes about fifteen minutes. We cover during that time about four blocks. We both consider it a meaningful defeat to miss the 5:22 train.

Before you can go down the stairway that leads to the trains, you must have your ticket punched. Tess and I share an aversion to one of the ticket-punchers, an old man who tries desperately to inject all possible world-meanings into his occupation. He has succeeded in making us feel that we did not know the proper worldly way to present our tickets for punching. On Thursday we gave our tickets to a jolly ticket-puncher, who not only will punch your ticket but will tell you the name of the departing train without making you feel that he is sapping himself of irreplaceable, inner wisdom.

Progress down the stairway was very slow, but it was only after we reached the bottom that we became aware of the reason. People were coming up the stairway. Not two or three people but swarms of them. As we walked along the platform to our train, we saw that these people had come from the train we were going to take. Tess and I were both surprised. Not once during the many months and years that we had taken the 5:22 train had we seen one person coming up the stairway or leaving the train.

We made a few jokes about the mobs leaving the train, but after we were seated we tried to figure out a rational explanation. To the best of our knowledge the 5:22 had never been an incoming train; it was a train that started out from this downtown station for the suburbs. Where the devil were all these people coming from and going to at that hour!

It was only after I left the train and was walking home alone that it struck me why I had wasted time thinking about the people who left the 5:22. It wasn't because it was unusual but because the people looked disturbingly familiar.

It would not be true to say that I spent a restless night or worried my wife because of my experience, but it is true that on the following day, when Tess and I were walking toward the station, we again discussed the crowds who had so unexpectedly emerged from the 5:22 train. And, in truth, the closer we came to the station, the more anxious we were to see if history would repeat itself.

It did. Before we were halfway down the stairway, people started to come up. And on the platform dozens and dozens of people were hurrying away from the train to the stairway exit. I got a very good look at a man with a camel's-hair coat. He not only was dressed identically but he also looked exactly like me. I couldn't believe it. My shock in-

creased when I saw that the girl walking next to him was wearing a black sealskin coat and looked exactly like Tess. And I became numbed when I saw that many of the other people had looked vaguely familiar to me because they greatly resembled the people who were my fellow-passengers on the morning train. I can't recall what I said to Tess, but I must have said or gestured enough for her to become aware of my discoveries, if she had not become aware by herself. We did not speak a word to each other during the entire ride home.

Tess came into my office in the late afternoon of the next day, Saturday, and told me that she was staying downtown after work. She came in just at the time I had decided to tell her not to wait for me because I had to leave a few minutes early to do some shopping. I didn't have to tell her this lie (I do think, though, that I would have gone into a store and bought something) as its purpose was to allow me to take the 5:22 train alone. After Tess told me that she wasn't going home, my nervousness reached a peak.

I think I was slightly feverish when I walked to the station. However, I walked at my customary pace; I bought a newspaper at the same stand as usual—I wanted to arrive at the stairway at the same time as I had the past two days.

I discovered that Tess was in front of me waiting to have her ticket punched. I was amazed. Why had she lied to me? And I was unhappy: I wanted to go down the stairway alone. I spoke first, and then she explained, with some embarrassment, that there had been a last minute change in her plans. (When she told me that she was remaining downtown, I had said that I had planned to leave early. She probably had not expected to meet me at the 5:22. Or *had* there been a last minute change in her plans?)

I found my double among the crowd of people leaving the train; I saw Tess's double: I recognized ten or twelve other people who took the morning train with me. My double was carrying a brief case, a brown, leather brief case. Ordinarily, I do not carry a brief case, but I bring one to work on a Saturday when I anticipate that I may have to bring some work home. On this Saturday, I had brought my brief case, a brown, leather brief case.

I don't know if I had wished that Tess had seen everything that I had. I do remember that I did not try to find out. During the trip home

she seemed absorbed in a book, and I, though terribly excited, repeated silently to myself—one is one, one is one.

I may say, at this point, that this was the last time Tess took the 5:22 train home, or, at any rate, it was the last time I saw her take this train. Also, I no longer met her on the morning train. She evidently took an earlier one. Today I would like to know why Tess began to avoid me, but then I was too absorbed in my double to care.

* * *

Saturday nights, when I have the knowledge of a workless tomorrow, have always been nice for me. Sometimes my wife and I go out; often we remain at home, alone or with friends. When we are at home alone, the night may be spent as on a honeymoon or as a time for each of us, alone, to invite our souls.

I put my brief case in the closet and stretched out on the couch. I complained of a headache. My wife was solicitous, which made me feel ashamed of my lie.

Dinner was over quickly, and I was left alone to rest in our bedroom. I neither wanted rest nor sleep. I wanted to be alone. Perhaps it would have been better if I had not achieved solitude by the ruse of fatigue and a headache. The house was pervaded by the kind of quiet and consideration that is shown only to the feverishly ill, and soon I began to feel that I was feverish. In this arranged quiet I rested on our bed and I thought about my double.

Should I tell my wife about him? It would be unfair to relate the two sets of arguments that I put together because my final thought was that I would never tell her regardless of whether I should or should not. It was this flash of recognition that in turn became my problem. Why was I so deeply set against confiding in my wife? I couldn't answer the question, but I did feel intense, pleasurable excitement in knowing that I had a strong desire against telling her.

I finally left the bedroom and spent the remainder of the evening with my wife, but only after I had decided on a definite plan of action. I am certain that my behavior that night with my wife in no way revealed the new problems that so fascinated me.

The maneuver I arrived at was this: On Monday I would wear to work an old, green topcoat that was considerably frayed, and an old,

grey tweed suit that had a patch. What would my double be wearing that evening?

Now it can be truly said of my wife that she has never loved me for my good looks, money or foppish attire. But my wife has been sufficiently seasoned (frightened? I do not say this critically) by life to feel that though I am a perfectly suitable mate when I am dressed in a checked red wool shirt and patched pants during the weekend, it is wise for me to report to work on Monday morning white-shirted, pants-pressed and shaved. How then not to worry her when I wore on Monday my old topcoat and patched suit?

On Sunday morning I told my wife that my camel's-hair coat needed cleaning—but only after I went to the grocery store and deliberately fell in a puddle of water in order to soil my coat. Later in the morning, I announced that I was going to look through my old clothes. What was no longer useful should be given away, I told her. She, of course, approved and applauded. I strategically delayed consideration of the fate of my grey tweed until I had already decided to give away quite a few articles of clothing. I tried on the suit and paraded about a bit, expressing my fondness for grey tweeds. I suggested that I should get a little more wear out of the old suit before I gave it away. There was not one word of protest from Eva. I felt like a ridiculous ass.

But ridiculous or not, I was excited that I was going to wear these old clothes on Monday.

* * *

I wanted the Monday workday to pass quickly. I have done some thinking about what contributes to a quick passage of time; I tried to make use of some of my conclusions on that Monday. Obviously, I should do a great deal of work. To sit idly would result in a concentration on when, if ever, five o'clock would arrive. But when your work is dull (really, really dull, if any part of you retains the knowledge that you have not yet crossed all the seas), to perform a great deal of it does not negate the dullness. Monday dragged, despite tricks.

Well, five o'clock finally came, but not before it was three minutes to five . . . two minutes . . . still enough time to make and remake a supersonic constellation.

* * *

I had a right to impatience but not surprise. I knew that my double would be wearing patched old clothes identical to my own. My weekend cogitations were simply ridiculous.

I passed him feeling that this was the moment to experience the greatest surprise and shock. I am shocked, I said to myself as I walked towards the train—but I wasn't. It was nonsense to feel things about this man—I had to know things about him.

Of course I knew nothing about the business of shadowing a man. As I turned and followed him out of the station I considered myself very clever. A few moments later, when he stopped to buy a newspaper, I no longer was certain that I was a good shadow. I had to stop too, but for what reason? I stopped and pretended that I had to search through my address-book. Well, it didn't matter whether I was clever or not; he didn't turn around.

As I continued following him down the street, it suddenly occurred to me that my double had bought a newspaper at the very stand where I buy newspapers—and the newsboy greeted him and smiled at him. Did the boy know him or did he mistake him for me? I wanted to rush back and question the boy but that would have meant losing my double.

Presumably I was following him to find out where he was going, what he did, who he was. What other reasons could there have been? And yet I did not think of any of these questions as I followed him. I was not even aware of where we were walking. My only thought was not to lose him in the crowd.

He went into a building—through revolving doors into the lobby. I was afraid to enter for fear he would see me. I peered through the glass doors. He was waiting for an elevator. In a few moments he stepped inside a just-descended elevator and disappeared.

I hurried inside. As soon as I lost sight of him I realized that the building was the one in which I worked. I recognized the elevator-operators. They were the same as those who were there in the morning when I reported for work. I would have greeted them but felt that it would cause confusion.

I turned away from the elevators and stared at the board on which was listed alphabetically the names of the building's tenants. I waited there until I heard the elevator door open, and then hurried into the open car. I didn't look at the operator but stood in the rear. Seven or

eight more people entered and then the operator slammed close the door. "Fourteen, please," I called out quietly. Several others called for fourteen.

The entire west section of the fourteenth floor is occupied by my firm. After you leave the elevator you walk down a long hallway until you reach the main entrance. This entrance leads into a reception room where the switchboard operator works, doubling as receptionist.

I am not sure why I entered the elevator or why I decided to ask for the fourteenth floor. I was certainly not convinced that I would find my double on this floor—but I did think of it. And when I did, breathing became painful.

I was drawn to the main entrance of my firm's offices. I was nervous, but walked at a normal pace down the long hallway. I am sure that I mumbled aloud, "Well, the office will be closed. The office will be closed." I was but halfway there when I saw that the reception room was not dark. Perhaps the cleaning-women were at work. Or perhaps Lou, the switchboard operator, had forgotten to turn off the lights. She was the last to leave each night, and it was her job to check the lights.

If the door had been closed even though the lights were on, I am confident that I would have hesitated a good while before daring to go in. But not only was the office well-lit, but the door was open. I walked right in as if that were something that I had decided to do.

Lou was at the switchboard, busy plugging wires, making connections. The mystery was then solved. My double had not come here. Lou was working overtime and that was all. Relieved, I was all set to leave when I realized that I should offer some explanation to Lou for my presence. "I think I left something in my office," I said.

I know that Lou not only saw me but heard me, and yet she gave no answer. She's busy, I said to myself.

Once again I was set to go, but what would Lou think if I made no pretense of going to my office to get what I had presumably forgotten? "I'll be right back," I said to her as I opened the reception room door that led to our offices.

The sight that faced me was bewildering. All of the secretaries were busy at their desks. It had been only a half-hour ago or so that I had seen the girls cleaning off their desks preparing to leave. And yet here they were, working semi-industriously. Obviously they were working overtime, but how were they summoned back to work? Maybe they knew

in advance? Perhaps they left at five o'clock to eat. But why didn't I know that they had to return to work?

I scanned the desks. At one of them in the rear was my secretary. I had not asked her to work after five. In fact, I remembered that she had asked me if she could leave a few minutes early. Of course, she wasn't completely my secretary; I shared her. Perhaps at the last moment Lester had requested her overtime services.

I had to stop gawking and speculating. I turned to the nearest girl: "Marge, why are all the girls here this late?"

Frankly I expected some weird answer from Marge. Inwardly, I knew that the girls' presences were related in some way to my double. If Marge had told me that the general manager had asked the girls to work overtime in order to expedite a special job, I wouldn't have believed her. But that was not Marge's answer—she didn't say a word to me.

I repeated my question. She didn't even look at me. I repeated my question over and over again. I screamed: "MARGE, WHY ARE YOU HERE?" But neither Marge nor any of the other girls looked at me.

I walked toward my secretary who sits outside my office. Before I got there I saw her get up and enter my room. She closed the door after she went in.

I stood in front of my door, hesitating. I knocked. "Thelma," I called. No response, and I was sure I had seen her go in.

"What the hell!" I said aloud as I decided to open the door. Before I could do this, the door opened and Thelma came out. She almost bumped into me.

I was about to question her when I looked in my office. There I was, sitting at my desk.

I rushed inside. "This is ridiculous! Ridiculous!" I shouted. "What is the meaning of this nonsense? Get away from my desk, you fraud, you imposter!"

He was not only calm and unperturbed but he ignored me completely, with no visible appearance of embarrassment.

I shouted at him again. He picked up the telephone. He was going to call one of my superiors.

"Go ahead, call up!" I yelled. "Call up Baxter! Call up Cummings! Either one will put an end to this nonsense!"

He began to dial. That meant he was calling someone outside the

office. I decided to be quiet and listen to his call. "Mr. Bloom," I heard him say. His voice sounded much like my own. "My secretary told me that you called concerning the Fisher order," he continued. At ten minutes after nine that very morning I had called Mr. Bloom. I had said those very words. "You want the order canceled? Why yes, I'll be glad to take care of it." The very words I had said. And then I had called in Thelma and asked for the cancellation book. He did the same. He buzzed for Thelma. She came in. He asked for the book. She went out. While he waited he lit a cigarette. He made a little mark on the desk calendar. (I had tried to give up smoking and had kept a record of how many cigarettes I smoked each day. And yes, I had smoked my second cigarette that day while waiting for Thelma to return with the cancellation book.)

I stayed in my office an hour or two, perhaps three. During that time my double repeated everything I had done during the first hours of that morning. The last thing I heard him do was dictate a four-page letter to Crespi and Company and every word in that letter was a duplicate of the one I had dictated at about noon that day. I felt exhausted, completely drained. I walked slowly out of the office. Now I did not expect any one to notice me, and no one did.

I started to walk to the station but I was so weak and fatigued that I hailed a taxi, a necessary extravagance.

My wife was quite emotional when I came home. At first I thought it natural, thinking that she knew what had happened. A moment later I realized that I had come home much later than usual.

"I had to work late."

"You could have called me!"

"Yes, I could have."

"Well, why didn't you?"

"Look, Eva, I'm tired . . . and, as a matter of fact, I don't feel well."

She saw that I was knocked out. She helped put me to bed. Before she left the bedroom she said: "You could have called, you know. It would only have taken a minute and I wouldn't have had to worry."

"I'm sorry, Eva. All of us were suddenly asked to work overtime. None of us had any warning."

* * *

For many days I tried to be uninterested in my double. I saw him

when I took the 5:22 train home, but I didn't stare at him, I didn't pursue him. At first I said to myself that I wasn't interested, but this was untrue. I was interested but it was absolute head-pain to think about him. My decision to be uninterested only meant that I did nothing about my double. There were many things that I could have done, I thought. I could have made inquiries about him; I could have asked Thelma who he was or what she had thought when she heard him dictate a four-page letter that I had dictated earlier that day. I could have asked the other people in the office why they were there that night. My feeling was—why bother about external facts when I wasn't willing to deal with them internally.

I talked to no one, not even my wife, about my double, but no longer was my secrecy due to a desire not to share this new experience. I didn't want to think about him. And so I pretended for several weeks that I had no problems.

One night, a Sunday night, my wife, who certainly must have been disturbed by my night-time inertia and moodiness, was coyly and sweetly teasing me about the change. Suddenly, I said aloud, "What does he do after he leaves the office?"

Eva, fortunately, misunderstood me. "Yes," she laughed, "maybe that's it. Who's been taking away what belongs to me?"

I was glad that Eva misunderstood. I went along with her joke.

Later, I was lying in bed, thinking that I was trying to fall asleep. Eva was already with her dreams, happy ones I hoped.

Had I been thinking about my double when I suddenly said what I had to Eva? But it wasn't important why I blurted out, "What does he do after he leaves the office?" What was important was the answer to the question—and it was the importance of this answer that I had been trying to escape that night and for the past several weeks.

I knew what I had to do and my self-assigned task rested nervously on me. I kissed Eva many times. She awoke for a moment, embraced me, and then fell back into sleep. I must have fallen asleep a short while later.

* * *

This time I was prepared. Before he even stopped to buy a newspaper, I had stopped to retie my shoelaces. Were all these precautions

necessary? Would it have mattered to him if he knew that I was following him?

As before, I waited for him to go up before I stepped into a car.

The switchboard operator was at work. All the offices were open, everyone was there. Had I expected all this? Perhaps I had, but I was not going to waste energy investigating these peripheral phenomena. My task, the one I needed all my strength for, was to find out about my double. If I found out about him, everything else would fall into place.

I was bold. I went straight into my office. He was there, sitting at my desk. I sat down in a chair near my bookcase. I did not want to sit too close to him. He looked my way but did not seem to notice me.

I sat there and watched the incredible duplication of my morning's activities. I had spent the morning checking reports. I had been tense and yet bored. I had smoked a great deal, had fidgeted considerably. I had made three quarter-turn swivels to the left to stare out of the windows. And everything I had done, he did. Was he tense for the same reasons that I had been? Was he bored for the same reasons?

After several hours Lester came in. He asked my double to eat lunch with him. Lester had asked me the same question earlier that day. I had refused, saying that I was busy. My double refused, giving the same reason.

I had waited ten or fifteen minutes after Lester left and then I had gone off alone to eat in the cafeteria in the building. I had wanted to eat alone to think about my double.

"You are going to leave soon and go to the cafeteria," I snickered aloud. For the first and only time my double amused me. It was funny, at that moment, to know what his eating problems were going to be.

I decided not to follow him when he left. He would be back in forty-five minutes. After he returned he would sit in my chair, swivel to the left, light a cigarette and stare out the window. And that was what happened.

As the hours dragged on, I was no longer fascinated by my ability to predict everything that he was going to do. Much could be written about how I felt watching "myself." Some of my poses disgusted me; others I found of great interest—but all that is another story. The time was approaching when he would leave the office. I had vowed to myself that I would follow him—where would he lead me?

Several times during the many hours that I sat in my office watching my double, I felt that I had known all along about what I was watching. Not that I had known that I had a double and that he repeated everything that I did—it was simply that I felt familiar with the situation.

He was preparing to leave. He was nervous and tense. I knew that he would leave soon when I saw that he was almost through checking the Rudolph Company folder. That was my last task that afternoon. After checking the material, he filled a large manila envelope with paper, envelopes and stamps (I have never been a hundred per cent partisan of the principles of private property).

He placed the folded envelope inside his suit pocket, cleared off his desk, shut off the desk lamp and the overhead lights, and stepped out of his, I mean my, office. I followed him. He said goodnight to the other people in the office (no one noticed me again, but I expected this). All the other people in the office were doubles. I must have realized this before, but I had enough to do to solve my own problems.

He walked down the corridor toward the elevators. I was not far behind. I planned to go down in the same car he did. There were a number of other people waiting for the car. What I had not anticipated happened. There was only room for four more people in the car and my double was one of the four to get in. I yelled at the operator to let me in, that it was very important, but neither he nor anyone else seemed to hear me.

I was frantic. I had spent hours watching him in my office, not to witness him senselessly duplicate my work but to find out what he did after he left the office. Another elevator would come along in a minute, but he could disappear in a minute. I thought of rushing down the fourteen flights of stairs but that would take more time.

When the next elevator stopped I rushed in, rudely pushing my way. I cursed aloud when the car stopped at the tenth floor to let out a passenger. Of all times for that girl to powder her nose! The ride was finally over and I was in the lobby. Could he still be there? It took me two seconds to make certain that he was not.

The street was crowded when I left the building, and I despaired of finding him. I looked across the street and then north and south. He had enough of a head start to have turned a corner. Which way had he gone?

I had to make a choice and make it quickly. I went north—that was

the way I always walked. The corner came. I turned east—in that direction was the train station. If he came from the station, would it not be logical to assume that he left that way? I walked very rapidly, hoping that I would catch up with him.

After I had covered a block, with great relief I saw his head bobbing in front of me. After another block I was only five steps behind him. I was sure that he couldn't escape me again.

It did not surprise me when he walked into the station. He had a commutation ticket in his hand when he approached the quarrelsome ticket-puncher. He hesitated, then walked over to the pleasant puncher. His ticket was punched and he started down the stairs. I was close behind him. A mob of people were coming up the stairs as we went down. Where were they all going to?

He walked down the same platform that led to the 5:22 train. I was trembling. He would go on a train; I would follow him. He would get off the train; I would be behind him. He would go home; I would find out who he was, what he did. (I realized that I had not told Eva I would be home late. She would be frantic with worry. Poor Eva!)

He was about twenty steps from the train when he suddenly turned about and began walking away from the train. I didn't move for a few moments, but I watched him intently. This was the crucial moment. He evidently did know that I was following him and he had decided to elude me.

He walked towards the stairs. He was not rushing or dodging. I followed him. Did he intend leaving the station?

He went up the stairs. He walked through the station. He was going to leave. I watched his every move; he would not escape me.

He was out of the station. A few steps before the newsstand, where I buy my morning newspapers, he stopped, bent down and retied his shoelaces. I watched this operation closely. I could see that there was no need for him to retie his laces. A trick was involved.

I was wrong. He pulled no tricks. After retying his shoelaces, he proceeded down the street leisurely.

The strain of having spent hours following and watching this man had begun to tell on me. I was exhausted. I wondered whether I was really fatigued or if I wanted an excuse to give up the chase. I answered my doubts by continuing to follow him.

I was so intent on watching my quarry that I was completely unaware of where my pursuit was leading me. It was only after my double entered the building that I looked about. I saw that he had returned to my office building. I saw that he was several steps in back of another man—a man who was his double—a man who was my triple. My triple went up in an elevator; a few moments later my double followed him.

* * *

There was a time when I didn't know that I had a double and a triple. If not knowing means that they didn't exist, then there was a time when I didn't have a double and a triple.

And now there has come a time when I don't know if I still have a double and a triple. And indeed, it may be, that I no longer have them.

There are times when I think about my double, and his double, and his double. But these times are rare, and I think I have controlled myself wisely. Yes, wisely, though the point of telling this story is not to comment on whether I have been wise or foolish.

I have not seen my double since that night when I saw my double follow his double into an elevator. It is difficult to describe my condition at that time. I roamed the streets for over an hour and then I re-entered my office building, went up to the fourteenth floor, went through our offices and into mine, and there was one of my doubles (I assume it was my triple, but how could I know for certain?) sitting at my desk, and there was another of my doubles sitting where I had sat when I watched double number one, watching his double repeating the work that he had done that was a repetition of the work that I had done.

I saw this and I fled.

I have thought about my doubles, as I have said. I cannot say that I no longer want to know who he was and what he did. But if I pursued him he would pursue his double who would pursue his double. God knows when or if it would stop! To have continued to try to know him would result in a continuous, circular adventure.

Of course, at times I wondered what my double did after he left my office and I was not following him. I know that I can never know this (if I pursued him, he would pursue his double who would pursue his double . . .). But I have wondered, painfully wondered, if he was here in my home when I was not here. I would never dare ask Eva about this.

Books - - - -

MR. JONES AND OTHERS . . .

From Here to Eternity. By James Jones. Scribner's, 1951. $4.50.

Man and Boy. By Wright Morris. Knopf, 1951. $3.

A Game of Hide and Seek. By Elizabeth Taylor. Knopf, 1951. $3.

The Ballad of the Sad Café. By Carson McCullers. Houghton Mifflin, 1951. $5.

Hangsaman. By Shirley Jackson. Farrar, Strauss and Young, 1951. $3.

Sing At My Wake. By Jo Sinclair. McGraw-Hill, 1951. $3.50.

Finistère. By Fritz Peters. Farrar, Strauss, 1951. $3.

The Dividing of Time. By Elizabeth Sewell. Doubleday, 1951. $2.75.

At Swim - Two - Birds. By Flann O'Brien. Pantheon, 1951. $3.

All About H. Hatterr. By G. V. Desani. Farrar, Strauss and Young, 1951. $3.

Festival. By J. B. Priestley. Harper's, 1951. $3.95.

A Question of Upbringing. By Anthony Powell. Scribner's, 1951. $2.75.

"The hardness of the tough guy is mostly in the novelty of the language. There is no hardness in the emotion." This observation by R. P. Blackmur expresses almost the chief defect of James Jones' top-selling novel, *From Here to Eternity*. If "hard" in language —all the taboo words are finally, and redundantly, in print—and by intent, curiosity as the compelling factor in reading the book soon dwindles after the surprise of a few paragraphs; those wide-ranging emotions which we offer so generously, which we wish to expend in the experience of reading a novel, are finally etherized. Jones piles shock upon shock; his reader finds himself ultimately immune.

The barbecue which is the story itself, with its tough-tender characters suffering stoically the slings of outrageous injustice, the wire-recorded dialogue—dull at its repetitive best—and the photographic, peephole sexual detail, never wearies Jones: as a narrator he is inexhaustible, seems constitutionally unable to leave anything out. Still, he has power, for he eschews fancy writing; he works well within his range, for he knows the business of soldiering, as he knows how to capitalize on the exotic scene, the tension of Hawaii in the months before Pearl Harbor. Dead pan as he is, too, the vulgarity and general worthlessness of his men and women are frequently relieved by an overplay of hyperbole; the animal traits of the bored, intellectually undernourished and restless, if extenuated by diminishing shock, are refreshed by an antic humor.

With so much available, the raw experience of whorehouses, bars, palm-fringed beaches, the sadistic torments of the Schofield Barracks Post Stockade, with so much endless gossip about homosexuals and the morals of officers' wives, a final effect is still missing. If we care a little about the novel, we seek an experience which ought to be peculiar to it alone. But ***From Here to Eternity***, more than any other novel, its naturalism in bulk, with or without asterisks, seems to mark a dead

end. In the last fifty years, since *Maggie, A Girl of the Streets* and *Sister Carrie,* we have come a long way, but certainly after this book the feeling ought to prevail—and I would be grateful for it—that along this route we have come to bankruptcy.

Jones has an achievement here of a kind, though a first novel is insufficient for appraising a writer's gifts. But as overpraised as this novel has been, to applaud Jones is to ignore what ought to be a novelist's functional role. The novelist, if an artist, seeks to find some level of reality which fits not life—though "life," inexorably, is his unrefined material—but the novel, *qua* novel, which is his creation. Paradoxically, this seems to be clear: Jones' 860 pages are not enough, prodigious as they seem. He has achieved far less. And what seems "real" as total effect, for all Jones' realism, is not real enough. The surface is there, and it remains. Stretching as it does across a real substance, the fact is that this surface has not been penetrated. We are left with the realization that however the facts, the "knowledge," that is made available by his novel is startling—and to most of us honestly shocking—our experience has been with life only. It has not been found because of an experience with fiction.

Jones with eye and ear serves us well—if this is the service we require. His minor characters, types, providentially labeled, the finicking mess sergeants, gold-brickers, barrack rebels, petty sensualists, "stupid" officers and prostitutes with birdy manners and hearts o' gold facilitate movie-like recognition. But Robert E. Lee Prewitt and Milton Anthony Warden—the twin protagonists with whom the novel mechanically shifts its weight, alternately, from chapter to chapter—must be more sizable pieces of men. Both are externally hard, or, as in the instance of Warden, "clever"; their custard interiors are immutably sensitive, their speech articulated in soldier vernacular, though their interior monologue is sophomorically "literary" and philosophical, confusingly identical. Like boys, they want license and abjure laws, though inconsistently they accept with awe Army traditions. Like boys, they peevishly hanker for freedom, but find freedom only satisfying when roving in the protective group-disguise of the regular Army, secure in their knowledge that for any indiscretion, if apprehended, they are allowed expiation by a prescribed punishment. This is the moral visibility of the novel, and one is puzzled that Jones neglects it. Instead, his tough-guy philosophy remains romantic, if not reprehensible. His characters bear little moral weight. They are, in essence, objects only of curiosity.

By contrast, the short novel by Wright Morris, *Man and Boy,* has much greater interest if, for all its perspicacious detail, it is frankly photographic. The fact is, it is photography that is the black, grey and white exercise of Morris's talent. But *Man and Boy* is more than a picture in so far as Morris has successfully created in Mr. and Mrs. Warren K. Ormsby, parents of a young man whose sacrifice in the Navy is to be commemorated by the launching of a ship bearing his name, two commonplace

but emotionally vivid characters. The writing is low-keyed, the events unspectacular; a touch of whimsy, even "cuteness" may be deplored; nevertheless, we understand what Morris is about and the homey dullness is not dull. You can be exceedingly wary of sentimentality and not feel that Morris is sentimental. This is his achievement; the approach is direct and the experience is intently realized, if with the open eye of a good camera, with an honesty that can almost pass for wisdom.

With all of Elizabeth Taylor's novels, and I have enjoyed them all, I have had a sense of satisfaction comparable with her latest, *A Game of Hide and Seek*. Without Virginia Woolf's too self-conscious struggle to create an apparent design, she matches Woolf's feminine sensibility. The writing is cool, unhurried, yet economical; one is always aware of much more than meets the eye. Call it magic, or simply charm, but Mrs. Taylor can with a single line of dialogue create a character. The novel at hand isn't "about" very much—a young girl's early love for a rather vague young man, her marriage to another man, a dull sort, and a meeting after many years, innocent and still unsatisfactory, with the man still loved. But every page is somehow intensely interesting.

Perhaps it is focus, the ability to direct the attention and to evoke emotions and control them, that we require as an experience in good fiction. Like Elizabeth Taylor, Carson McCullers, who in *The Ballad of the Sad Café* collects her three published novels and a small output of short stories, has this rare gift. She is her best with children, adolescents; her adults are perhaps too odd and hurt, and thus command false sympathy. *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter,* her first book, is still her best, and stories like "A Tree," "A Rock," "A Cloud," and "The Jockey" are unforgettable.

Certainly anything by the author of that startling short story, "The Lottery," ought to excite interest. But Shirley Jackson's second novel, *Hangsaman* will alternately confuse and exasperate. We can be exasperated by too much brilliance, in spite of a compelling narrative pace and some too few ironical commentaries on intellectuals, modern parents and progressive education—and all too little clarity. We just don't understand what Miss Jackson in her story of Natalie Waite's first year at college and her struggle against mental disaster is trying to show. For all the terrifying experience of schizophrenia, we need preserved a consistent point of view; we need to know where we are with facts and experience, and the facts of psychology, if mixed with a salad of literary symbolism and Grand Guignol frights, are a product misleading and confusing. Obscurity may be a by-product, existing for purposes of a cathartic penetration, but Miss Jackson doesn't play fair. She has employed inferences of ready-made symbolism too temptingly available.

The fact is, if a novel is designed for special tastes, we permit tolerances. Miss Jackson is writing case history but pretends to be doing something more. Plain case history, however dull, is to be preferred. We can prefer Jo

Sinclair's *Sing at My Wake*, its subject a tedious woman who remains an emotional adolescent all her mature years. And we can find some insight into the causes as well as into the effects of homosexuality by reading Fritz Peters' pseudo case history, *Finistère*. The "special" novel—and there have been several which I wish to mention, however briefly—exercises a unique discipline, insisting on being understood on its own terms. Principally, we experience an imaginative charge—or experience little.

One of these is a strange, disturbing and beautiful first novel by an Englishwoman, Elizabeth Sewell. Her *The Dividing of Time* is apparently autobiographical, the account of a young woman of unusual poetic sensibilities who during the war years is chained to a soul-killing desk job in the Civil Service. Reality—the ceaseless bureaucratic monotony—is not bearable; but reality must be found, sustained by some meaningful allegory which can relate the self to the evident physical world: the imagination must be rationalized, its symbols searched for, its experiences understood. I find the novel lucid, as I find it emotionally ascendant, and it is to simplify an involved, sustained experience if I merely say that for the patient reader it is rewarding: to say it has meaning, also, is to simplify it, and perhaps can deflect any reader from searching in it for his pleasure, which is sure to be positive. I don't think Miss Sewell will ever write another book like this, nor will anyone else. It is a mixture of Kafka and Lewis Carroll and it will have to be read more than once.

Two other novels, *At Swim-Two-Birds* by Flann O'Brien, and *All About H. Hatterr* by G. V. Desani, the first an Irish writer, the second an Indian, are what might be called literary jokes. *At Swim-Two-Birds* is perversely involved, Joycean, and may prove tiresome: it is a novel within a novel within— *etc.* This breaks down, and more than patience is required: rather, brutal endurance. Nevertheless, I found some amusement in it, and anyone who wants to see the experimental novel experimenting with itself will be amused. *All About H. Hatterr* is also funny—but it is a joke too long and too repetitious. Here we have an Anglo-Indian dialect, the result a style with surprising, if limited, possibilities. Desani is presenting, by auto-innoculation it would seem, the portrait of a man—but a very special man, a man of the East, coping with a rational adaptation to the West. My feeling is that the character is successfully created, but that Desani allows the intoxication of his success to gain the upper hand.

A more relaxed amusement can be found in J. B. Priestley's *Festival*. With three major characters who are persistently interesting, and many minor ones broadly exaggerated, Priestley is frankly entertaining with his story of an English town's participation in the Festival of Britain. Of a humor more dry, but also English—understatement is almost here a service of diminished returns—*A Question of Upbringing* by Anthony Powell will provide a more compact excursion into the lives of three English schoolboys growing up in the '20's. The fully realized char-

acters dominate; Powell has written a novel without a noticeable story, but if you like Joyce Cary you will like his writing, which is quick and bright and chuckling.

Antioch College NOLAN MILLER

LESS THAN A RIDDLE

The Bolshevik Revolution, 1917-1923. By Edward Hallett Carr. Macmillan, 1951. $5.

Soviet Politics — The Dilemma of Power: The Role of Ideas in Social Change. By Barrington Moore, Jr. Harvard University Press, 1950. $6.

Public Opinion in Soviet Russia: A Study in Mass Persuasion. By Alex Inkeles. Harvard University Press, 1950. $5.

Justice in Russia: An Interpretation of Soviet Law. By Harold J. Berman. Harvard University Press, 1950. $4.75.

There are two myths about the study of the Soviet Union which these books serve to dispel. First, that nothing for certain can be known about the other side of the Iron Curtain; and second, that even if information were available, any interpreter is bound to be prejudiced. They show what can be done with materials available outside the Soviet Union.

The task of E. H. Carr, the historian, has been the least difficult, for documents concerning the period he treats are abundant in the West, and there is little difficulty in tracing developments which then or later were officially disapproved. Apparently, the basic texts have not been falsified even in recent editions in the Soviet Union. History is rewritten only in secondary accounts, and the high level of efficiency in such matters attained by Orwell's Ministry of Truth is beyond present Soviet practice. Of course, when Carr gets to the late 1920's in further volumes, he is likely to be running into more trouble. But even then, as the other three authors demonstrate, the student of the Soviet Union need not be frustrated. They are analyzing aspects of contemporary Soviet society, and field investigations would seem mandatory. Yet, with the help of testimony of emigrés and some rather ingenious use of printed Soviet sources, all three have been able to collect enough data to satisfy the criteria of sound scholarship.

As to objectivity, these books also come out very well. Barrington Moore achieves the most rarified atmosphere of all, as when he states: "To determine whether the absence of hereditary fortunes plus the existence of concentration camps means greater or fewer inequalities of opportunities than the reverse situation (as, for example, in the United States) is a question that cannot be answered at present." This would seem downright subversive in certain quarters, and even in more sophisticated circles this particular passage has drawn the fire of one reviewer who felt that such detachment was going too far. It appears to be an article of faith at Harvard's Russian Research Center, however, that a social scientist must make a distinction between moral evaluation and scientific judgment.

Such an attitude comes as a welcome

relief to the present hysteria. But such objectivity is difficult to come by, and not always attained in these books. In one place Harold J. Berman, after demonstrating that the seeds of Soviet repression were sown in Tsarist times, feels compelled to announce that "this in no way justifies Soviet lawlessness. If anything it makes it more despicable; Stalin and his cohorts spent enough time in the hands of the Tsarist police to have learned the evil, if not the futility, of the method of force and repression." This shows a greater sensitivity to the dictates of justice than to the findings of psychologists, but it must be admitted that Berman is usually more restrained, and to write a book about Soviet law is in itself to fly in the face of popular conception that there is really no such thing as law in the Soviet state.

Carr's book has already aroused controversy. In his other works he has been accused of a certain wave-of-history attitude toward those who exercise power. This is not without some basis, and he cannot be quite cleared of this charge in the present volume. At times he seems too inclined to accept the Bolshvik statement of the case. But Carr is a keen and independent thinker, and certainly the official Soviet line will receive little comfort from his work.

The Harvard scholars are aided in the attempt to achieve objectivity by the comprehensive social framework which they give their investigations. To study Soviet Russia and to study human society at the same time seems to call for subtitles, and those selected by Alex Inkeles and Moore are indicative of their ultimate objectives. Berman's subtitle is less pretentious, but his analysis is no less broadly based. He discerns in the Soviet legal system something which he calls "parental law," an expression of the paternal attitude of the state toward the helpless individual, which he suggests is common to all industrialized societies, including our own. One of the results of the work of Inkeles in Soviet propaganda is to point to an interesting line of investigation in the study of the mutual relations between mass media and the social milieu in which they operate.

Moore's problem, the role of ideas in social change, has long fascinated philosophers of history, most of whom, as might be expected, have been convinced of the all-important influence of ideas. This would seem the first time that the question has been attacked by a social scientist equipped with the up-to-date instruments of his craft. Paradoxically enough, it has been the very effort of the Bolsheviks to fashion a society in a Marxist image which presents such an excellent opportunity to test the strength of the non-Marxist view that ideas determine actions. Moore's conclusion is somewhere between Northrop's and Marx's: ideas can have a significant influence, but their effect is limited by the nature of the other social forces. This comes as no great revelation, to be sure, but it is rather Moore's methodology which is novel, not so much his conclusions.

His approach is to try to answer the questions: what prerevolutionary Bolshevik ideas have been realized in the Soviet Union, which ones abandoned,

and why? He starts with the aim of Lenin and his followers to achieve a society of freedom and equality in which the masses of the people, freed from the operation of the inflexible laws of capitalism, would take over the management of their own economic and political destiny. This was to be achieved by a violent revolution, led by an iron-disciplined elite. The result has been that the democratic egalitarian goals are as far away as ever, while the authoritarian means have been perpetuated. Moore's first two questions are well handled. The last one, the why of the matter, leaves something to be desired.

There are those, of course, who see no need for an explanation: the Bolsheviks were out for power, and ideas, democratic ideas especially, were chiefly useful as symbols with which to manipulate the masses. Similarly, there are those who maintain that democratic tendencies never played much of a part in the original ideology, and therefore no dilemma of ends and means ever existed. The best refutation of such views is provided by Carr's able analysis of the critical years 1917-1923. It will come as a surprise to many readers to see the authoritarian state taking shape haltingly, quite without premeditation, overcoming resistance among the Bolsheviks themselves. So conditioned are we by our experience of more recent developments in the Soviet Union that we are more prepared to believe that the totalitarian dictatorship emerged full grown from the head of Lenin. But these early years are years of confusion, of conflict among the ruling group, of institutions in flux.

Most of the steps toward totalitarianism are taken under a sense of crisis. Perhaps the first is the restoration of the death penalty. The terror only begins as reprisal, and is clearly meant to be temporary. Lenin had written before the revolution: "The guillotine only intimidated, it only crushed *active* resistance. *For us that is not enough.*" [Lenin's italics] There are strong efforts in the party to curb the secret police, but security needs are insistent, and its power rapidly grows. At the same time Russia becomes a one-party state, not by Bolshevik plan, but at least partly because other parties share the Bolshevik intransigence.

In the Bolshevik party itself democratic tendencies go under only gradually. It is the lively discussions in the early party congresses upon which both Carr and Moore draw so freely in their description of party developments. As late as 1920, for example, one delegate attacks Lenin with the charge that the dictatorship of the proletariat is really the dictatorship of the party bureaucrats. But in 1921, at the very congress which votes in favor of "workers' democracy" within the party, theses opposing the official theses are submitted for the last time for general discussion.

The developments with regard to the state proceed similarly. Gradually, and over much opposition, the lines between party and state are obliterated, and the Politburo replaces the Council of Commissars as the real locus of power. In the state, the center gains in power at the expense of the local

organs, the great Russian at the expense of other ethnic groups. Already, in March, 1918, it is authoritatively declared that "all power to the Soviets," the slogan with which the Bolsheviks rode to victory, is not to mean "all power to the local Soviets." Lenin himself viewed with alarm the growth of the bureaucracy, but his remedy was to give more power to the party in order to curb it.

In Lenin's thinking, the achievement of the democratic goals was postponed, not abandoned. He never called into question the validity of the theory that the state would wither away. At the end of his life he admitted that he had miscalculated, but only with regard to the pace at which this was to happen. It was left for his successor to give permanent form and justification to the centralization of power. Under Stalin, moreover, the democratic egalitarian goals of the original ideology have actually become transmuted into props for the dictatorship. The soviets, for example, which began as spontaneous expressions of revolutionary aspiration, have become transmission belts for commands from above. And the institution of "self-criticism," as Inkeles shows so well, is used to discuss policy execution, not policy formation. In the last analysis, it serves as a very essential safety-valve, diverting the pressure of possible criticism from the Kremlin to the lower echelons of the bureaucracy.

If totalitarianism was not an integral part of the Bolshevik state from the moment of its conception, how then are we to account for the authoritarian direction which the Soviet Union has taken? Why have the means become the ends? There are at least four sets of factors which must be taken into consideration in attempting an answer.

In the first place, there are those factors which relate to the implications of the ideology itself. Marx's deterministic interpretation of history and his conception of class-consciousness involved an assumption drawn from Rousseau, perhaps by way of the Jacobins, that there exists a general will of the masses, that in every historical moment there is for the proletariat only one line of action consistent with its interests. At least implicit in Marx, and explicit in Lenin, is the conception of the party as the enlightened group which knows the general will and whose task it is to educate the masses to an awareness of their class-consciousness and to lead them into action. Lenin held that the most the proletariat could achieve on their own was trade-union consciousness, and therefore the party needed to "push" from above. Here are the germs of that sense of infallibility which has characterized the Bolshevik leadership. And here is also a relationship between unequals, intended to be temporary, but in practice habituating those in authority to the continued necessity of "forcing men to be free."

Similarly as regards the dictatorship of the proletariat, the ideology envisaged measures of oppression which in practice habituated the Bolshevik leaders to the solution of problems by force and authoritarianism. Marxist relativism meant that there was no moral limitation to the exercise of power. The power of the Soviet lead-

ers is certainly as absolute as anything this century has seen. Even were there no other forces pushing Soviet Russia on the path to authoritarianism, it could be maintained that this confusion of ends and means in the ideology would be explanation enough.

There have been, however, a set of factors relating to the Russian environment which have set special problems for whoever were Russia's rulers, and these problems have traditionally found authoritarian responses. The Russians have had to meet the needs of military defense against recurrent threats of invasion, of holding together many ethnic groups within far-flung borders, and of wresting food from an unfriendly land. Their answer has been the development of an absolutist government and a firm orthodox faith.

Here Berman supplies a historical dimension which is lacking in Moore. Following through his theme of law, Berman shows how weak has been the spirit of individuality, rationalism, and legalism in Russia, as contrasted with the West. On the positive side, there has been a strong collective spirit, a deep inner sense of unity, which has found expression in the form of the religion, in village organization, and in loyalty to the Tsardom. It was this spirit which made possible the extreme demands of the state, such as the obligation of universal state service which can be traced back as far as the Mongol period. Moreover, a paternal role for the government was a natural one in the face of the needs of a backward country with its millions of illiterate peasants. And when the Bolsheviks came to power in the midst of a great world war and had to defend themselves against counter-revolution and intervention, not only did their ideology sanction any means, but the lessons of their own experience and of Russian history seemed to dictate the choice of the most severe.

A third set of influences toward authoritarianism were not peculiar to Russia alone, but common phenomena in the twentieth century. The development of a party oligarchy has been characteristic of organized political parties everywhere, especially, as Carr points out, of parties representing the masses, where there is usually an intellectual gap between the rank and file and the leaders. Moore suggests that organized social inequality, based on the competitive stimulus, may be common to all industrial societies, no matter what the form of ownership of the means of production. Other sociologists have pointed to the existence of an elite in all societies. Moreover, centralization of state power has been characteristic even of liberal states in this age of nationalism, international war, and economic crisis.

Fourthly, the personal factor must be weighed. Here, the historian, with a sense of the dramatic situation as well as with what Carr calls "an imaginative understanding of the outlook and purpose of his dramatis personæ," may supplement the insights of the sociologist. Moore explains the Bolshevik party's capture of power, for example, in terms of its advantages as the only party which was both western and revolutionary at the same time. This is an easy generalization

which completely misses the decisive role which Lenin played. It was not ideology which brought the Bolsheviks to power, but their promise of "Peace, Land, and Bread," and their willingness to assume power. It was Lenin who sold the party these slogans almost single-handed after his return to Russia in April, and it was Lenin's personal influence which brought about the decision to seize power, when he saw more clearly than anybody else that it was lying in the streets, waiting to be picked up.

Lenin capitalized on the situation when it presented itself. Earlier Bolshevik historians of the revolution, like Trotsky, had trouble enough fitting a Carlyle-like hero into the Marxist interpretation of history. It is curious that as Soviet historians have departed from the Marxist "scientific" approach and have given new weight to the great individual, like Lenin and Ivan IV, they have come closer to the historic truth.

Lenin himself was too good a Marxist to approve of the present Soviet conception of the leader. Yet it was his personal influence, the unique moral authority which he exercised, that did so much to transfer this idea from Russian tradition to Soviet orthodoxy. There is evidence enough that he lacked personal pretensions and that he remained attached to the democratic goals of his ideology. But Lenin's successor does not seem to have had the intention of resisting the authoritarian trends and he may even have encouraged them. He emerges in Carr's pages as a centralizer from the very beginning. There is some controversy as to whether Lenin's exposure to liberalizing western influences ever really took; Stalin was hardly ever exposed to them. Where Lenin influenced men, Stalin manipulated them. Carr quotes Stalin's revealing statement to the party congress in 1923 that in making assignments, it was indispensable "to know every party worker inside out."

In view of the influence of these four sets of factors, it is clear that the democratic egalitarian elements of the original ideology hardly had a chance. What about the other elements? Have they also gone by the boards? Has Russia swallowed up communism? Or is the Politburo merely out for its own power? We cannot be certain of the answer, but evidence presented in these books would suggest that ideological considerations have remained a primary motivation in the Kremlin.

To what extent does ideology motivate Soviet foreign policy? There is no reason to believe that the final aim, that of world communism, has been abandoned, but the real question is whether this is to come primarily by Soviet conquest or through the working out of social and economic forces as predicted by Marx. It is one thing to protect the ideological base through the practice of power politics. It is quite another to attempt to spread communism by a foreign army without regard for the economic condition of a country. It is true that there are indications in the Soviet-Jugoslav correspondence that the Kremlin was rather wistful that the Red Army did not liberate France and Italy. On the other hand, it is hard to account for

the suspicion and fear which has apparently dominated Soviet foreign policy for so long without attaching weight to the ideological factor. One has the feeling that the Kremlin tends to view other states through ideological spectacles which reveal capitalist interventionists behind every bush.

The policy toward Tito appears to be influenced both by considerations of ideological purity and heresy, and by those of power relationships. The policy does represent, all the same, a real departure from the original nationality doctrine. Carr's excellent chapters on early Soviet nationality policy show how firmly convinced were Lenin and Stalin that Russia should foster industrialization among less developed peoples so that the realization of self-determination might mean cooperation among equals. Soviet policy in Eastern Europe today is the very reverse of this in its attempt to maintain satellite dependence upon the Soviet economy.

Whatever might have been the doctrinal inconsistencies of Soviet policy in Europe, the ideology has apparently prepared the Kremlin to follow a more clever policy in Asia. There, to be sure, Russia has had a traditional civilizing role, as even a Russophobe like Friedrich Engels had to recognize one hundred years ago. All the same, the present policy of alliance with nationalist movements against western imperialism is highly consistent with Lenin's first formulation of policy, and any attempt to dismiss it as merely Russian imperialism may prove quite inadequate.

Another kind of evidence that the Soviet rulers are motivated by ideology and not simply by the desire to stay in power is their pursuance of policies which necessitate such an application of force and repression and such a tremendous effort of persuasion. The whole propaganda machinery is still based upon Lenin's conception that the party elite alone knows the general will, and the party is still "pushing" from above. Evidence collected by Inkeles indicates that the controls exercised by the government over mass communication have been tightened, rather than weakened, in the last few years. His study of the content of Soviet propaganda leads him to conclude that

> this is not the communication of a government and of leaders who are sure of the response of their audience and who feel that they are speaking to a convinced and loyal population. It strongly suggests that the leaders have little faith in the extent to which the people have adopted the maxims put to them, or how far they can be expected, on the basis of their own experience, to continue believing in them without constant restatement.

The erection of the Iron Curtain and the present fierce appeal to Russian nationalism may be best understood as a consequence of failure to convert the masses to an ideology which is largely non-Russian. This ironical situation is the result of an even deeper paradox. The Russian Marxists set out with a set of theories which provided them, as they thought, with a key to the understanding of history. So equipped, they proceeded to build a new society in splendid disregard of many of the actual forces of Russian history. In certain areas, to be

sure, Russian tradition sustained their efforts, through no fault of their own analysis. In other areas, such as those of the family, of religion, of education, of economic rewards, they had to make concession after concession, all the while retaining enough of the original assumptions to perpetuate the tensions.

Karl Marx was pleased to dismiss as Utopians those socialists who sought to achieve the new order by establishing model communist colonies. Such socialists were unaware of the great forces which his "scientific" socialism so clearly discerned at work in man's past. No less Utopian and far more disastrous in terms of human suffering has been the effort of a small group of professional revolutionists, disciples of Marx, to mold a new society out of millions of human beings. This belief that man can control his social environment, we of the West share with the Soviet Marxists as common heirs of the Enlightenment, even though our optimism may shine less brightly than a century ago. But our concern for the worth of the individual should guard us against ever treating him as a means, even as a means to some promised better life for humanity. If we are sensitive to it, we should be less likely to fall into the Bolshevik dilemma of democratic goals and undemocratic means. For us the inviolability of the individual must not give way to a higher good, else we shall not be able to withstand the authoritarian tendencies of our age, not the least of which is the temptation to imitate our adversary.

Antioch College IRWIN ABRAMS

NOTES ON FOREIGN POLICY

What Barbara Ward calls the hostility of the Soviet Union almost inevitably becomes the jumping off point for discussion of American foreign policy. Elsewhere in these pages Irwin Abrams considers recent books on the nature of the Soviet system. Let me, at the beginning, take up briefly the effects of that system as it has recently manifested itself in two important areas—Eastern Europe and Asia.

The break between Tito and Stalin has been widely interpreted as a "break" for the United States. In one of the most carefully considered of recent books on foreign affairs, Hamilton Fish Armstrong[1] substantiates that opinion with evidence that mere propaganda can hardly refute. As he shows, the break between the two Communist leaders was scarcely ideological. Tito planned for Jugoslavia what might be interpreted as an imitation of the Soviet model—industrialization, machine construction, and collectivization of agriculture. So close did he cleave to Soviet experience that he wanted to postpone or go slow on agricultural collectivization in the Lenin manner of 1920-22. But this was not Stalin's notion of the way Communism was to be exported from the Soviet Union. Armstrong's examination covers the whole of the Balkans, and the record takes on the shape of old-fashioned economic imperialism. Jugoslavia, Rumania, Poland, Hun-

[1] *Tito and Goliath*. By Hamilton Fish Armstrong. Macmillan, 1951. $3.50.

gary, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia were to produce (and all except Jugoslavia are now producing) for the USSR. For example, Bulgaria grows tobacco and has almost a world monopoly of attar of roses. In 1948 the Soviet Union took the bulk of these products at fixed low prices, and when Bulgaria later attempted to sell what she had left on the world market, she found herself competing against her own goods now offered by the Soviet Union at whatever the market would bring! Yet it is not such piracy which is the heart of imperialism so much as the fact that dollars earned from the sale of Balkan products go not to finance imports into the Balkans but imports into the USSR.

The rift between Stalin and Tito seems so obvious a gift to the West that there may be danger of overevaluating it. Armstrong takes an inventory of Jugoslav military strength and that of the Soviet satellites, and his conclusions are that not only can Tito's legions provide a powerful deterrent to Soviet aggression in Europe but that in an actual conflict they would give a good account of themselves. Yet it may be wise to remain cautious in estimating the strength of the Jugoslav army. Another Balkan observer, Leigh White,[2] tangles directly with Armstrong's military facts and arguments. This is White's only serious contribution (if that is what it may be called) in a book exhibiting a curious amalgam of spleen, suspicion and excessive quotation. But on the single point of overestimation of Tito's military effectiveness, he could be more nearly right than Armstrong.

Two others have recently set down their observations about this part of the world. Josef Korbel,[3] who knew Jugoslavia before World War II and who served as Czechoslovak ambassador to that country from 1945 to 1948, writes with great personal detail and with diplomatic caution. He confines himself more to Jugoslavia and its people, writes with less sweep and grasp than Armstrong, yet comes to similar if less vigorous conclusions. Jan Stransky[4]—journalist, soldier, and politician in the land of Benes and Masaryk—writes a quite different book. His story is of the division of Europe after the war in terms of the individuals affected. He says that ten years ago the Communist appeal was moral, that today it is one of invincibility (communism plays upon the theme that it is the wave of the future). In no spirit of revenge but with a sense of realism, he is psychologically prepared for war. In recent months I have seen no account of the European temper so convincing, so heartening and frightening at the same time.

If complications and confusions mark the scene in Eastern Europe, they are as nothing compared to the situation in Asia. Robert Payne[5] has attempted an almost impossible task—to assess the nationalistic, revolutionary movements in Asia, weigh the qualities of

[2] *Balkan Cæsar*. By Leigh White. Scribner's, 1951. $2.75.

[3] *Tito's Communism*. By Josef Korbel. University of Denver, 1951. $4.

[4] *East Wind Over Prague*. By Jan Stransky. Random, 1951. $3.

[5] *Red Storm Over Asia*. By Robert Payne. Macmillan, 1951. $5.

their leaders, and suggest an Asiatic program for America. This job would be difficult enough if we could always be certain of the meaning of common terms like "Communist" and "revolution" as applied to Asia, and if events of violence and anarchy, apparently familiar to the West, took on the same significance in the Orient. It is further complicated by the spread of the field to be covered and by some confusion in the way Payne approaches his problem.

From the title *Red Storm Over Asia* the reader will assume that this is a book devoted to Communist influence. In an appendix the author groups a number of thumbnail sketches of Communist Asiatic leaders. In the chapter on India he devotes eighteen pages to Communist conflicts (among themselves as well as with the government) and only six to Nehru and the Congress.[6] In retailing Communist errors in strategy and tactics, he even seems at times more involved in giving Communists and other revolutionaries the benefit of advice than of making clear the future or in explaining what America can do about it all.

Yet this is not the whole case. He heaps scorn on the myth of "inevitability" in Communism. And he makes very clear and emphatic that the Asiatic leader who elicits his chief admiration is Soetan Sjahrir of Indonesia. Sjahrir favors a "reasonable revolution" of socialism and welfare for his country and for Asia. He is one of the few Asiatic leaders—perhaps the only one—who understands both East and West. Payne quotes extensively from the Indonesian's words written at the time of the postwar struggle against the Dutch, and comments: "What is astonishing is not that Sjahrir should have spoken with the accents of the humanist West, but that he should have been able to convince his listeners that there was considerable virtue in the Western tradition at a time when the West, departing from its moral purposes, was trying to break the Indonesian revolution."

The author's heart obviously lies with Sjahrir, but for much of the rest of the Asiatic record he seems ambivalent. This attitude is nowhere more clearly exhibited than toward China. He admires most of the achievements of Chinese Communism but believes that the invasion of Korea is a result of Chinese imperialism. The Sino-Soviet Pact, he says, indicates that the Chinese Communist Party still follows the direction of the Cominform. At the same time he is convinced that party policy differs from the Russian. "The great dogmas which receive the assent of members of the Russian Communist party are notably absent in China; and considerable freedom has been given to other parties like the Democratic League, which cannot be expected to share fully in Communist theories." Such opinions seem ambivalent and appear to contradict some evidence; and more spe-

[6] A fuller picture of the significant confusion that is India is to be found in *India Afire* (John Day, 1951, $4) by two young American idealists, Clare and Harris Wofford Jr., who travelled the Indian subcontinent for six months talking to peasants, businessmen, students, Communists, Gandhi disciples, and Socialist opposition leaders.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARIES

cifically, on such an important issue as that of freedom for other political parties, both Communist theory and practice show that to date it has never been more than a temporary expedient.

It is too easy perhaps to point out the discrepancies in a book that tries to cover so much ground. It is a better book than its contradictions would suggest—a work as important in its own special way, as, say, the one by Armstrong. The difficulty lies quite as much in our ignorance of Asia, in the enormity of its new problems, and in our apparent helplessness in the face of current events. We should ally ourselves, says Payne, with the reasonable revolutions and we should see that land is redistributed to the peasants. But when he comes to suggest those leaders with whom we might collaborate, he can suggest no one beyond Sjahrir and Thakin-Nu of Burma.

II

Payne dismisses American foreign policy with a scornful shrug toward "containment." Although some others have done the same, there are obviously more strings to our international bow than that. In the 100-page booklet, "Our Foreign Policy," issued early last fall by the State Department, containment is coupled with the idea of building up "situations of strength." Such situations envisage not only military aid but the economic help of the Marshall Plan and the technical and economic assistance of Point Four.

Take a statement from the booklet on so basic an idea as collective security:

> The deepening division between the Soviet-dominated bloc and the free world is not as some people wrongly think, a conflict between capitalism and communism. Among the nations of the free world, in fact, you will find some that are not capitalist at all, but have freely chosen a Socialist system.
>
> The conflict is really between a power-hungry Government that is bent on spreading its power by force, terror, and every other means and the community of free nations which refuses to be conquered or dominated, or to stand by and see its members swallowed up. . . .
>
> We had always been ready to help peaceful nations. But we had never, except in time of war, been willing to team up with them. Now we are ready and willing to do both, and we are doing both because we know that our national interest demands it.

The idea of collective security seems fundamental. Yet listening to "the Great Debate" set off by General MacArthur and his dismissal, one would gather that few either in or out of Congress had heard of these statements or were acquainted with the government's scarcely startling policies. A general who left America as isolationist in 1937 may perhaps be forgiven for pointedly ignoring the United Nations and collective security (though he had been commander of UN troops!). But the rest of us know better in 1951.

Nothing in our recent foreign policy seems clearer than our slow but firm progress toward international collaboration—from a brief period of imperialism at the turn of the century, to involvement in World War I, to rejection of the League of Nations in the 1920's and "neutrality" of the 1930's, to World War II, to the UN, to collective security. The trend shows

through even in a diplomatic history written by an author whose sympathies have sometimes seemed isolationist.[7] Dissident Republicans are right in rejecting "isolationist" as a term of current description. There are no isolationists any more. There are only intermittent unilateralists, who, in impatient moments, want to go it alone. And these, too, in their time must fade away.

As one of the men responsible for implementing our policy, Paul Hoffman[8] obviously supports it. In his relatively brief exposition, he conceives of policy as fourfold: military, economic, political, and educational or informative. He departs from realistic analysis only in a final chapter when he holds out a hope of early division in the Kremlin and revolt of the Russian people. That may be our longtime hope but to count on its near consummation seems unrealistic and dangerous to American resolution. For we have already shown in our attitudes toward the Korean War if not elsewhere that we are impatient and overdependent upon "crisis" as a stimulus for international action. What are we to do if the Soviet opposition doesn't fold up in the next two or three years? Go to war? Shift to appeasement? American policy hardly contemplates an early victory or easing of tensions.

An analysis more objective and considerably deeper and better grounded is the work of Barbara Ward, assistant editor of the London *Economist*.[9] She analyses Soviet hostility; contemplates full employment and production in the West; advocates reduction of trade barriers, rapid western rearmament and support of the United Nations. The quality of her work, however, lies in its integration of the several elements necessary to a sound policy. After spending most of her pages on a careful economic inventory, she then insists that political factors take precedence over the economic and goes on to show why she prefers support of the UN to its alternatives. This is that rare modern book, a soundly conceived work in political economy, and perhaps no small part of its strength comes from the fact that it seems at all times aware of the cultural history in the background. It is more discerning of our present foreign policy than anything recently written or said on this side of the Atlantic—a kind of cultural lend-lease that we particularly stand in need of at this time.

Two other writers, James Warburg and Edgar Ansel Mowrer,[10] accept much of our recent foreign policy but are disturbed by what they consider its emphasis on the negative. Their own accentuation of the positive takes the shape of world federation. War-

---

[7] *The United States as a World Power: a Diplomatic History 1900-1950*. By Samuel Flagg Bemis. Henry Holt, 1950. $5.

[8] *Peace Can Be Won*. By Paul G. Hoffman. Doubleday, 1951. $2.50 (paper, $1).

[9] *Policy for the West*. By Barbara Ward. Norton, 1951. $3.75.

[10] *Faith, Purpose and Power: a Plea for a Positive Policy*. By James P. Warburg. Farrar, Straus, 1950. $2.
Challenge and Decision. By Edgar Ansel Mowrer. McGraw-Hill, 1950. $3.75.

burg's small book suffers somewhat from the tendency of most such treatises to deliver a pep talk, an attempt to lift the reader by his emotional bootstraps to a higher level of thinking. Mowrer is more particular and by that much more nearly convincing. He suggests first a "Peace Coalition" of the free world—a coalition which would be something more than a North Atlantic Military Alliance, even more than a group of such alliances. To be successful, he believes, such a coalition must provide military preponderance, economic assistance, propaganda and psychological war. Then, at the proper moment the coalition should be turned into a World Federation, preferably within the framework of the United Nations.

Mowrer contemplates nothing new in economic assistance (which is the most positive part of our present policy) and looks to a greater emphasis on military and propaganda weapons than we now give them. The Peace Coalition is a dramatic idea, but could it, even if successfully promoted, contribute anything sufficiently new to warrant the added risk of war as the Soviet Union saw its prestige and power slipping away?

Many other Americans are disturbed that our foreign policy to date has seemed too defensive, too negative, too often reacting to communism instead of boldly taking the initiative. Positive opportunities in economic and technical aid, however, are tremendous if we will only implement the policy we already have. As for more positive action on the political and propaganda fronts I have the feeling that we shall have to await a better consensus of what democracy consists of—or at least more agreement as to what we should expect of other collaborating nations in the way of democracy—before we can promote ideology abroad in the forceful manner suggested, for example, by Mowrer.

A recent inquiry into the nature and operation of democracy in the world today by a group of experts assembled by UNESCO[11] is of high interest in this respect but indicates such differences of opinion as to preclude any possibility of immediate consensus. Presumably if such an inquiry were confined to America or to the West, the agreement would be greater, yet no one can minimize the difficulty of such an effort.

III

Quite as significant as the substance of our foreign policy are our methods of formulating it. Inasmuch as America has to project its policy in a climate of anarchy and since its chief opponent is an aggressive totalitarianism, we cannot always operate democratically abroad. But it should be possible at all times to evolve our policy by democratic methods. We may assume that the "Great Debate" is one proof of our will toward democratic control of foreign affairs. Certainly we have never before applied the techniques of arriving at domestic policies to arriving at international policies so broadly or at such length.

The constitution of UNESCO states that wars originate not in the formal

[11] *Democracy in a World of Tensions.* Ed. by Richard McKeon. University of Chicago, 1951. $4.50.

acts of sovereign states but in the minds of men. In quoting the statement from the UNESCO constitution, Frederick S. Dunn[12] goes on to say that there are three ways by which people can improve international understanding: 1) by rational argument and better information; 2) by changing political and social conditions—removing hunger, want, and economic insecurity; 3) by the psychological approach—the removal or mitigation of mass anxieties and frustrations. Dunn particularly emphasizes the first of these.

We live today, he says, in a climate hostile to rational argument and coolly thought-out opinions. Two thinkers who have done most to define our age, Freud and Marx, have had their bad influences as well as their good upon the formation of public opinion and upon the way in which we attack our social problems. For many of us, experts as well as laymen, Freud has had the unfortunate influence of diverting attention away from the conscious use of reason in solving problems. Marx also has had an unfortunate effect by removing the burden of personal decision and responsibility without which no public problem can be honestly assessed by a conscious mind. (Neither Freud nor Marx, incidentally, was a democrat.)

What is happening today often seems "inevitable"—subject to the wave of the future. Yet, men must employ reason, this at least is the supposition without which it would seem difficult or impossible to establish a democratic foreign policy. It must also be the supposition that men do have some freedom of choice.

A democratic foreign policy must, of course, be arrived at primarily through public opinion. As we have developed democracy in this country it has come to mean more and more a concern with individual or private efforts. The competition for public attention is very great. Though we pursue our private interests, whatever is deemed of large public importance is assumed to be of interest to all. Hence we are now painfully attempting to adjust ourselves. We have the power and must learn to use it properly. Democracy means that you can mind your own business as you will. But it also means that you have the duty of making the public welfare part of your concern.

A discussion about democracy and public opinion has not always been clear on this point. It would appear that a democratic policy is sound not because "the common man" is enthroned by public fiat but because the full discussion which is an endemic practice and necessity conditions the entire process of arriving at decision. It requires that public statements not be pronunciamentos designed to stand by themselves like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, but that they take into account the opinions and feelings of others; for their expression may have quite as much dignity and quality as our own though the opinions differ widely. It is not the common man but the participating, watchful, public-minded citizen who is highlighted by this duty and policy.

[12] *War and the Minds of Men.* By Frederick S. Dunn. Harper's, 1950. $2.

Understanding individuals can sometimes affect items of foreign policy as they have recently in sending grain to India. Fred W. Riggs[13] has made an excellent case study of one such event —the repeal of Chinese exclusion in 1943. In the space of a few months a handful of people at a cost to themselves of only $5,000 accomplished a job which an expensive lobby working day and night at another time would probably have flunked completely. Yet such opportunities may come too infrequently—and they also probably provide better examples of pressure politics than they do of the discussion or steady formulation of foreign policy.

Most of us are broadly ignorant of foreign affairs and to dispel our ignorance is not just a matter of broadcasting information. As experiments in polling have shown, sending out or publishing items of news about international matters does not insure that they will be accepted or learned. A heavy dose of information by itself is of little help. According to Gabriel A. Almond,[14] what we require is a logical statement of the alternatives and a consensus as to the mode of selection among them. We may need a division of labor in the job of forming foreign policy outside of official circles.

Democracy puts great faith in the people, but if the voice of the people were really the voice of God, then leadership in the formal sense of the word would be unnecessary. Democracy must reject Pareto's doctrine that there can be no responsible relationship between elite and rank and file, that the relationship can be only one of coercion and manipulation, that humanitarianism is degenerate, and that rational control and policy-making are futile or impossible. That doctrine may be rejected, and yet while all avenues are open to public opinion on foreign affairs, it will be clear that some elements in the population wield more influence in forming policy than others.

Public opinion and foreign policy come together in a relationship far more complex than is generally realized. We have been accustomed to leave foreign affairs in the hands of the executive and Congressional departments in Washington. As James L. McCamy[15] points out, government could greatly improve its organization and efficiency in the formation and implementation of foreign policy. But whereas such criticism of the government will usually be accepted and understood, the structure of the influence of public opinion usually will not.

In defining this structure, Almond comes to the conclusion that there are a "general public"; an "attentive public," which is informed and which listens to foreign policy discussions; an "opinion elite," the informed, articulate part of the population so far as foreign policy is concerned; and

---

[13] *Pressures on Congress: A Study of the Repeal of Chinese Exclusion.* By Fred W. Riggs. King's Crown, 1950. $3.75.

[14] *The American People and Foreign Policy.* By Gabriel A. Almond. Harcourt, Brace, 1950. $3.75.

[15] *The Administration of American Foreign Affairs.* By James L. McCamy. Knopf, 1950. $4.

finally the official government leaders. The "elite," in whom he is principally interested, he defines in terms of public influence.

It is not possible here to outline all of his conclusions, but one facet of his thought may be of special interest. He pays particular attention to teachers and preachers, whose potential influence as members of the communications elite he believes has been given too little attention. He flatters not so much their present, as their potential influence. He favors whatever would make it increasingly difficult for teachers and preachers to "evade reality," for he believes that they do not confront the real problems of military and political security. Let me quote him on teachers: "An already strong tension or escapism, which often lies at the base of their choice of these professions, is encouraged by curricula badly adapted to the broad character molding and ideal-setting functions these elite are called upon to perform."

Almond shows that political science, by and large, has avoided examination of policy alternatives and analysis of basic social, psychological, and economic factors as they apply to foreign policy problems. After an examination of published articles in general political science journals since the end of the war, he came to the conclusion that the political scientist has "primarily played the role of providing the historical and descriptive background of foreign governments and politics, foreign legal institutions, and foreign ideologies." Nearly all of this material was in expository or historical terms. He concludes that the systematic analysis of policy alternatives, and the analysis of basic social, psychological, and economic factors as they apply to policy problems has largely been left undone by political scientists. He is, furthermore, unwilling to admit that newer disciplines in the social sciences such as social psychology and anthropology have performed better from this particular point of view.

Our leaders in this area, says Almond, have not been adequate. And let me quote again:

> The recruitment and training of policy and opinion elite capable of performing the grave task of modern foreign policy have therefore to be recognized as largely "new business" on the American agenda. It is in this area, rather than in mass information programs, that the most may be accomplished with the least expenditure of resources. The broad consensus of foreign policy which obtains at the present time is a product of well-dramatized external threat. We have to strive for a type of democratic elite discipline which is proof against the transient shift of political atmosphere and foreign policy moods.

It is fitting perhaps that we end on an educational note. We need an improved education, but this should not be construed simply as the old-fashioned sentiment for more "l'arning." We cannot have a democratic foreign policy without greater rational discussion and greater rational control. It is in Almond's definition of the problem—in the training of leaders, in the emphasis on policy, in the greater precision and effort of the social sciences—that we must expect an improved performance to take place.

P. B.